AFFIDAVIT

My name is Kerry Wendell Thornley. I presently reside in Atlanta, Georgia. My mailing address is Box 827, Atlanta 30301. I am employed as a part-time student assistant at Georgia State University.*

In the spring of 1959, while stationed in Marine Air Control Squadron 9 at an outpost of El Toro Marine Base, Santa Ana, California, I became aquainted with another young Marine in the same outfit named Lee Harvey Oswald.

My Warren Commission testimony relating to this period can be found in volume 11 of the 26 volumes which supplement the Warren Report.

In October of 1959, while serving in Marine Air Control Squadron 1, Atsugi Naval Air Station, Atsugi, Japan, I read in the newspaper that my former aquaintance, Lee Oswald, had walked into the American Embassy in Moscow, turned in his passport, and announced his intention of taking up residence in the Soviet Union.

I thereupon decided to write a novel about a young Marine who becomes disillusioned with the United States as a result of his overseas tour of duty in the Marine Corps and in the end defects to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The title I chose for this first novel attempt was The Idle Warriors.

During the brief period of time that I had known Oswald, he seemed genuinely disillusioned with the United States and claimed to believe that the Russians had a better system. He had just been overseas in Marine Air Control Squadron 1. Now that I was overseas, and serving in the same outfit in which he had served previous to meeting me, I was also becoming disillusioned with the United States and coming more and more to feel that I could understand his apparent defection to the Soviet Union.

As Oswald had been, I became an outspoken critic of U.S. foreign policy and of the Marine Corps in particular. As Oswald had done, I began to disobey orders and ridicule my military superiors. And as had Oswald, I began espousing Marxist doctrines. Moreover, I boasted that I was writing "a poor man's Ugly American" which would "blow the lid off" the situation resulting from peacetime stationing of troops in the Far East.

Looking back, I feel that both Oswald and I must have been put under surveillance by the Office of Naval Intelligence during our periods of active duty in the Marine Corps. The Cold War was raging

*Since beginning this statement I have vacated my student assistantship at GSU.

then. He was widely regarded a "Communist" a year or so before the U-2 incident; I began to acquire a similar reputation with the brass in MACS-1 from about the time of the U-2 incident (May of 1960, I believe) on until my discharge in October of 1960.

(It seems odd to me that the Office of Naval Intelligence could find no references to Oswald in its files in 1963, nor any to me in 1975 when I recently made a Freedom of Information inquiry. I think it possible that someone in the Naval Intelligence bureaucracy may have seen to it such files, if they ever existed, were misplaced or stolen or simply destroyed.)

I continued work on The Idle Warriors after I got out of the Marine Corps. I also continued a close relationship with one other Marine from MACS-9/MACS-1. This man struck up a friendship with me at the time I knew Oswald. He and I were then assigned overseas duty together in MACS-1, where our friendship continued. In Marine Air Control Squadron 1 at Atsugi this individual had the highest security job of any enlisted man in the outfit. If I had some kind of intelligence "babysitter" when I was in the service it was almost certainly this man. His name is Bud Simco and his immediate superior was Lt. Ballentine -- together they maintained the TOP SECRET Security and Classified files (S&C files) for the Squadron. I wish to stress that I do not at all believe Mr. Simco was involved in any illegal activities or any activities relating directly to the John Kennedy assassination. Approached by a legally constituted authority [redacted] I think Mr. Simco would say truthfully whether or not he was ever assigned to submit reports on me. We spent most of our free time together. The latest phone number I have for Bud is apparently misplaced, but I obtained it by calling his old place of work, Vorpal Galleries in San Francisco. (If there is difficulty locating him I can probably get his number or address from one of our mutual friends.)

The hypothesis that I was spied on by Naval Intelligence is not central to my major hypothesis to be introduced later, but I think it is something which can be investigated easily and, if established, would answer some questions which must otherwise remain up in the air.

From the time of my discharge at the end of October, 1960, until February of 1961 I lived on my discharge money in Southern California and attempted to promote the opening chapters of The Idle Warriors in dramatic monologue live presentation form. Bud got back from Japan a month after I did and went to work as an insurance investigator.

Another friend and I decided in early 1961 to go to New Orleans together and take up residence there. This was Greg Hill who presently resides at 55 E. Houston, Apt. 4-E, New York, NY and whose phone is 212-226-6515.

Greg and I arrived in New Orleans on the day after Mardi Gras of 1961. We had a difficult time finding work. Our living conditions were sparse and harsh. I continued work on The Idle Warriors, writing the chapters in short-story form and sending them off to publications like Playboy, in hopes of selling one of them for $2,000, meanwhile living off French bread from the day-old bakery.

By this time my politics had gone through another change. I had become a Marxist upon seeing my first starving people when MACS-1 was

on manuevers to the Philippines; as I was phasing out of the Corps I read Ayn Rand's Atlas Shrugged and decided the world's hungry people could do best under unlimited free enterprise instead of socialism.

(My political evolution -- from I-like-Ike conservatism to liberalism to Marxism to Ayn Rand to individualist anarchism to communist anarchism -- has been one of the major sources of misunderstanding about me case all along. I include the information on my political shifts (I like to think of them as advances.) because it is essential to an understanding of my motives at various points.)

So by the time Greg and I went to New Orleans I was, in many respects, a rightwinger. Among other things, I bitterly opposed John F. Kennedy and believed that he was going to ruin the country.

February and March in New Orleans were difficult times for Greg and me. I believe it was in late March or early April that I finally managed to get a part-time job as a telephone solicitor at the Foster Awning Company.

The fact that I had a full beard had prevented me, I think, from getting a job sooner. I had by this time, I believe, borrowed money from Greg and drawn unemployment on my U.S.M.C. service. For while my politics were capitalist, my life-style and cultural interests were post-beatnik bohemian. I hustled awnings and aluminum siding over the telephone in the mornings and wrote and adventured around the French Quarter in the afternoons and evenings.

It was probably somewhere in the early part of April that I met Slim (Roderick R.) Brooks one day at work. Somehow, he was sitting at a phone desk which I was to take over for a short while before both of us got off work -- I'm not sure of the exact details. But whatever these were, I wound up sitting at Slim's desk and I noticed immediately that he had left some doddling behind him -- Japanese Kanji symbols (which I had studied in MACS-1 overseas).

It turned to Slim and said, "Hey! I'm just back from Japan, and I'm writing a novel on peacetime Marines in the Far East."

Slim nooded his head, almost as if in agreement with my statement, smiled at me, and proposed that we spend the afternoon together.

We went by the day-old bakery and then to Slim's small French Quarter apartment. There Slim introduced me to Margaret, a waitress in maybe her forties who was somewhat of an alcoholic I think. She and Slim were old friends on a non-sexual basis and I believe that at this time they were temporarily living together. (If this woman is still alive and can be found during the course of an investigation of Slim I am sure she can provide a wealth of valuable information: in 1963 she was working in Fong's Chinese Restaurant on Decatur Street.)

Slim was a fascinating, colorful figure. Presently he was suffering with a bad case of TB, but previously he had worked as a seaman, a lumberman, a U.S. Marshal in Alaksa, etc., etc. We sat around his place drinking cold coffee out of Mason jars while he talked about his adventures [redacted] and I talked about Ayn Rand's Objectivism.

I have some Xeroxes of letters I wrote during this period of time in which I talk about Slim. I also have many other memories which I will be glad to provide when and if that becomes necessary, including the names of one or two other witnesses who knew Slim then.

Instead of plunging into detail now, let me simply say that Slim took me under his wing and made me feel at home in New Orleans. Around the middle of April, Greg and I moved into an apartment in the French Quarter on St. Louis.

On April 17th, which was my 23rd birthday -- and also, I realized recently, the day of the Bay of Pigs invasion -- Slim, who was also once a ship's barber, gave me a haircut.

Speaking of the Bay of Pigs invasion, there is one detail about Slim which I had better mention here because I am almost sure now that it is significant. Slim claimed that his hobby was navigation and he had a great number of Federal navigational charts, rolled and stacked in a pile in his apartment. Most of these, as I recall, or of those that I saw, were of the Caribbean area.

Slim never voiced strong political opinions, but I believe in retrospect that he was working with the anti-Castro groups then functioning in Louisiana. I think he was probably a navigational advisor on the Bay of Pigs invasion.

I also think our meeting at the Foster Awning Company may not have been a chance meeting, but that Slim may have been assigned to "intercept" me and "babysit" me because I was writing a book on Lee Harvey Oswald who, for one of many possible reasons, may have been of great interest to elements within the intelligence community at that time.

It was shortly after Greg and I moved to the Quarter (from the slums of the Irish Channel) that Slim introduced me to Gary Kirstein -- who he said was his brother-in-law, just in from Kansas City. Slim warned me in advance that Gary was something of a "weasel" -- a sly, shady character who lived on the fringes of the criminal world.

Gary didn't look like a criminal at all. He dressed very straight. He wore neatly pressed slacks and short-sleeved shirts. If anything, he dressed like an off-duty policeman.

He was an older man -- perhaps in his forties, certainly at least in his thirties. He had brown hair and was balding, was of medium build and height, smoked a pipe, and spoke in what was at times almost a whine, except his words were clipped and precise. His accent was mid-Western.

One of the first things I learned about Gary was that he also hated Kennedy, but for somewhat different political reasons than mine.

Gary said that he was raised in a Germanic mid-Western family and that he was a Nazi. He and Slim used to joke about this, and also about Gary's alleged skills at burglary.

Gary was keenly intelligent and had a flippant, light-hearted air about him. Therefore, even though the content of his humor was often sadistic, Gary did not seem "for real." He never sounded angry for example; but he cheerfully recounted the "little jokes" the Nazis had played on the Jews and other victims of their prejudice.

He expressed his dislike for Jews, Poles, gypsies, homosexuals, Russians, Mexicans and so on with a chuckle, usually, which left me with room to assume he wasn't really very serious about it -- and that, of course, was the assumption I preferred to make, since I really liked Slim a lot and Gary was his friend.

I think I first met Gary at Slim's one afternoon. Very quickly the conversation got around to politics and we discovered that we both hated Kennedy or something to that effect. Slim interjected: "I did it! I was a catalyst!" I would not remember the incident at all, but for Slim's comment. Had that been our only meeting, I would quickly have forgotten Gary entirely.

By this time I had another close friend in the Quarter. Her name was Ola Holcomb. She was also an aspiring writer. Ola and I formed a very close non-sexual friendship in a short period of time and she became a convert to my Ayn Rand philosophy.

I think Slim met Ola through me and Gary met her through Slim. By sometime in May it looked as if Gary and Ola were going to hit it off together, or so I reconstruct events, because Slim and Gary and Ola all dropped by to visit us on the Memorial Day weekend, probably Sunday afternoon. (I believe Ola was present on this occasion but am not absolutely certain -- in any case, very soon after, if not by then, she and Gary had a thing going.)

I do remember a couple of things very clearly about this visit. I recall Gary sitting there, sort of leaning back on a chair with his hands behind his head, smiling and looking at the typewriter sitting on the desk in the living room of the apartment. I also recall Gary making some kind of remark about being or knowing a "fence" for stolen goods. I think he mentioned a pawn shop on Canal Street by name where the guy was willing to purchase things that were stolen.

On Memorial Day the typewriter -- an Olympia ~~(probably a Swiss brand)~~ was stolen while Greg and I were out. It was our habit to leave the door unlocked. We knew almost no one in the city at this time. Our apartment was on the second or third floor.

It seemed at that time to both Greg and me that it was a very logical possibility that Gary Kirstein had taken the typewriter.

In retrospect I believe strongly this is exactly what happened. I believe that Gary mentioned the "fence" on the Canal Street for two reasons. One, I think he knew the guy and if I had gone in there looking for it, Gary would then know I suspected him. Two, I think Gary wanted me to conclude that if he did steal the typewriter his motives were economic, rather than political.

It is important to realize that I had already typed some of the short-story versions of The Idle Warriors chapters on this typewriter. These manuscripts I was to give away later, possibly to Slim, after I reworked them into the novel manuscript.

In other words, it is probable that Gary Kirstein had in his possession -- for an indefinte period -- one of the typewriters on which portions of The Idle Warriors, which he probably also got hold of, were typed.

It was also typical of Gary's grim sense of humor about his own pro-war philosophy to steal something that was to be used to advance his political ideals on Memorial Day.

For example, one of the other [redacted] memories I have of Gary concerns his attitude towards the anti-war song which Joan Baez (I think) popularized at that time called "Where Have All The Flowers Gone." They had been picked by young maidens to decorate the graves of young soldiers who had been killed in the wars -- and the song contains the oft repeated refrain, "When will they ever learn?"

Gary's comment: "I like that song! Ha! Ha!"

One day Slim and Gary and I went to the drugstore at the corner of Canal Street and Camp Street. We went in and sat at the counter in order to eat or have coffee.

Gary excused himself, saying with a smile that he had an errand to run and that he would rejoin us shortly.

At that time I was not aware that the offices of Guy Bannister -- later named by Jim Garrison as a suspect in the JFK assassination and now known widely to have been a friend of Howard Hunt and a co-ordinator of anti-Castro and other intelligence activities in that area -- were immediately adjacent to the drugstore.

While Gary was gone, "Where Have All The Flowers Gone" was either played on the juke box or Slim simply pointed to it on the selector there in front of us and said, "Brother-in-law likes that song. Only he has a different way of thinking about it than most people do."

I replied, "Yeah, I know." I do not remember how I knew, but Gary had mentioned it earlier in some connection or other -- possibly as it was playing on his car radio.

It was probably in June or July of 1961 that I met Jessica Luck, a nineteen-year-old philosophy major at Tulane University. Jessica and I were to have a romantic, passionate, and stormy relationship for the next year or two.

At some point, Jessica and Slim and Gary and I drove out to Jefferson Parish to look at some land which Gary had purchased along the Jefferson Highway.

Meanwhile, Gary was living with Ola in a ground-floor apartment in the French Quarter. According to what Greg and I had been told, he was working for Anheiser-Busch. He was also painting in his spare time, and he frequently mentioned that Hitler had been a painter and had been unfairly criticized because his paintings were too realistic.

I simply have no "tag" in my memories of Gary to indicate to me when it was that he was working for Papa Joe Comforto -- a Bourbon Street night club owner with many sons who helped out in the business. It could have been before he went to work at Busch; it could have been moonlighting while he was at Busch; or, as seems most logical, it could have been after he quit at Busch. But for a time, he did work for Papa Joe, doing what, I do not recall, if I ever knew.

(I hope any scholar of this statement will take the thought to realize that these events took place as far back as fourteen years ago, and will also take the trouble to verify that I have an excellent long-term memory, especially for ideas being discussed. Things which struck me as important at the time, I recall clearly. Things which struck me as important a few years later, I recall less quickly but in many instances quite vividly, though in others not. Generally, things which have only struck me as important recently have been the most difficult to dig up. I am not unaware of the impact my words may have; I do not seek to distort reality but to discover it, for the sake of my own sanity as well as for the political well-being of the rest of humanity. I wish to cause harm to no one -- not through what I say, nor through what I fail to say -- knowing it to be true.)

Sometime in 1961 Gary's house on the land he showed us was built and he moved from the French Quarter to Jefferson Parish. (In earlier writings I stated Gary lived in Kenner; that is in error: a letter I wrote on New Year's Day of 1962 indicates that Gary's land and house were in Jefferson Parish.)

In the middle of the summer of 1961 I went to work full time at the American Photocopy Equipment Company in Kenner. Not too long after that Greg returned to California and I moved into a housekeeping apartment on Napoleon Avenue just around the corner from Jessica's family home. (She lived with her parents.)

It was about this time that the only interaction with Gary occurred to which I am still unable to attribute, retroactively, any significance: I attempted to obtain some abortion-causing pills through Gary.

Slim and Gary took me from one place to another for hours. I do not vividly recall where all we went -- it was for coffee here, on an errand in the car to a house out by the lake there, and finally we drove to a remote spot under a tree out in the country. I still do not know why.

All this time, though Slim had informed Gary in advance what I wanted, Gary had said nothing about the pills.

Once we reached our isolated rural destination the three of us got out of the car and hunched down under the big tree.

Gary then graphically explained how such pills work by poisoning the woman's body so as to cause it to reject the fetus and told me the location of a drug store where a dishonest druggist would sell them to me without a prescription. I silently decided against obtaining the pills because they sounded so dangerous.

Finally I had finished most of The Idle Warriors (first of the two drafts I gave to the Warren Commission) and hired a young lady by the name of Joyce Talley (or Tally) to type it. Now if Joyce Talley was CIA that would explain a lot, but I doubt if she was. Otherwise she really was a student at LSUNO in Martin McCullah's (sp?) English class.

Joyce introduced me to her professor, saying that she had told him about my book and he was interested in meeting me. At that time I knew him only as Martin. (It was in 1968 that a member of Jim Garrison's staff told me his full name.) Martin, to the best of my memory, had brown hair and a pock-marked face. We spent part of an evening -- Martin, Joyce, and Jessica and I -- sitting in the Bourbon House in the French Quarter talking about writing in general and The Idle Warriors in particular.

At some point shortly thereafter, Martin arranged to meet me in the Bourbon House again. This time he was with a friend of his, Guy Bannister, who was introduced to me as a man with a great interest in literature. Again we discussed my novel. The only detail from this discussion I remember was that Bannister was very favorably impressed when I told him my writing was influenced in part by Sherwood Anderson.

One more time after that I met with Martin in the Bourbon House. This time, for the first time in our conversations, I had some of the chapters from The Idle Warriors with me for Martin to read. Those present this time were Martin, Jessica, and me. Martin read one of the chapters ("One Windy Night") and became very upset to find that it had a "political message" in it. He became even more upset when I explained to him the over-all message of the entire book. He said that people should not clutter up literature with their "half-baked political ideas." He was quite emphatic and even emotional on this score, as if the way I was writing my book was really a personal affront to him of some sort.

I chanced to see Martin in the Bourbon House -- which was then kind of a central clearing house for French Quarter social life -- a couple of times after that, but we never sat together and talked again.

I'm not sure of the significance of the above information, except that it indicates that Guy Bannister was interested enough in my book on Oswald to spend awhile discussing it with me and that, therefore, by the autumn of 1961 the CIA knew I was writing a book on Lee Oswald (who was still in Russia) if they did not know sooner.

Someone who will remember Joyce and Martin is Victor Charles Latham who was a close friend of mine in New Orleans and who was still living in the New Orleans area in 1968.

In December of 1961 (on ~~[illegible]~~ a weekend of that month) Gary took Jessica and Slim and I riding in a black car. I've never paid much attention to cars and did not notice the make, but it was an expensive automobile and I believe the windows rolled up and down when the driver pushed a button.

I believe on Saturday the four of us went for a ride in the country and may have stopped somewhere and had a picnic under a tree (possibly even the same tree that figured in the abortion pill episode). And I believe it was on Sunday that Gary and Slim and I went out to Gary's house, and I think this was my first visit there since it had been completed by the builders.

It was definitely on that Saturday that, as we were pulling up in front of Slim's place after our ride in the black car, [redacted] Gary said: "If I were to choose a political name it would be Smith, because a Smith forges things..." At this point Slim butted in saying, "Yeah, like checks, for example." Gary, Jessica, and I laughed. Before Slim made his joke, though, Gary had seemed quite earnest and intent in what he was saying. What had led up to it was a discussion of the meanings of the names of the various Russian Communist leaders.

Now I believe, but am not totally certain, that it was also on this weekend that Gary began talking about a book he said he was going to write, for which he said the working title was Hitler Was A Good Guy.

Each chapter was going to fictionally portray what would have happened if one of the other Nazi leaders had gotten into power instead of Hitler, and it was going to be backed up with quotations from their writings.

In conjunction with this, Gary also discussed his theory that "the secret to Hitler's power was that he had no power." Gary said that Hitler had no branch of the military, no police unit, no government bureaucracy, no union, and no criminal organization under his personal and direct control -- and that it was for this reason that those who did have such organizations under their control trusted him, whereas they did not trust each other. Hitler, he said, was a "compromise candidate."

I think we discussed this "idea for a book" most of the day that Saturday and all afternoon that Sunday. On Sunday, at some point during our conversation, Gary said that Hitler had made one very stupid mistake: he had gone public. Instead of becoming an orator and a holder of government office, Gary said, Hitler should have lived the life, outwardly, of an ordinary German citizen, and should have governed though his powerful friends ~~f~~ from such a relatively anonymous position in society.

Gary asked me if I would do research for him, and I believe he paid me about ten dollars for this "research." It consisted of my going to the New Orleans Public Library, locating books on Nazi leaders other than Hitler, and writing down their more atrocious ideas. I then gave these notes to Gary and heard little if anything about the book after that.

I now speculate that these notes were used in conjunction with the Olympia typewriter upon which I had typed some of The Idle Warriors to produce a manuscript under my by-line which would be useful at a later date (probably in 1968) for incriminating me.

I do not know that any such manuscript ever came to the attention of Jim Garrison or Warren Report critic Harold Weisberg, but it should be fairly easy to question them and find out. Both Garrison and Weisberg have been convinced since 1968 that I am some kind of fascist.

Checking the records of the New Orleans Public Library might aid in establishing the precise date that I checked out books on Nazis.

Before, during, or shortly after Christmas Slim said to me: "I've got a Christmas present for you: you have ridden in Carlos Marcello's car." He was making reference to the black car Gary had been driving on the above-described weekend. Slim explained that Gary knew some of the Marcellos. On another occasion, later on, Slim mentioned to me that Gary was "cultivating" the friendship of Carlos Marcello.

As best I am able to reconstruct, it was probably sometime during the summer of 1962 that Jessica and I were invited to a party at David Ferrie's house. This incident was totally unimportant to me at the time and I did not even recall it until [redacted] 1968, after I had testified in New Orleans before Jim Garrison's Grand Jury and denied knowing David Ferrie.

I am still not sure the event had any significance, but someone Jessica knew at school (I believe) invited us to this party. The only reason I finally did remember it was because someone made a joke about the party being hosted by "a homosexual airplane pilot named Ferrie."

I was introduced to Ferrie and we shook hands. I'm nearly sure no significant conversation transpired. I can describe the house, if need be, and give some details about what happened that evening.

It would seem worthwhile to check with Jessica (who probably still lives in New Orleans with her parents on Freret Street on the right just before you reach Napoleon Avenue, coming from town) and find out who it was that invited us to that party and whether or not they knew Kirstein or any other principals.

I think it was also during the summer of 1962 that I saw Margaret on the bus one day. She was no longer living with Slim by then, whenever it was. I clearly recall her telling me that Slim had "an evil side to his nature" and that I should beware of him.

On other occasions Slim himself told me the same thing in these words: "Some times I like to go out and just be sonofabitching evil."

Slim used also to say, from time to time: "Now there is something you had better keep in mind about brother-in-law -- he really is evil. I mean it. He don't mess around. And he is evil."

I invariably brushed aside these warnings.

I also recall Slim once saying to me: "Never lie unless you have to -- and then make that sonofabitch stick."

One afternoon Slim and I were sitting around in his apartment and he said to me: "Don't forget brother-in-law's last name. It is Kirstein. He is a good man to know. Gary Kirstein -- spelled K-i-r-s-t-e-i-n. Remember that. You might need to call on him someday."

The last thing I wanted to believe was that Slim's shady brother-in-law would be anyone whose name I would ever need to know for any reason -- so I promptly disregarded the advice to remember the spelling of his name, forgetting the entire incident until recently.

Meanwhile, the focus of my own attention was in areas that had progressively less and less to do with Slim and nothing to do with Gary.

Quite awhile before going to work for the American Photocopy Equipment Company I had shaved off my beard.

Towards the end of 1961 I moved from one place on Napoleon Avenue to another one, just down the street.

On 29 January of 1962 I was laid off the job at American Photocopy. In the weeks that followed I had another difficult period economically. I took a [redacted] job that didn't work out. I took temporary work. And finally I got a job as a shoe salesman at Marks-Isaacs Department Store for the WHOL Shoe Company.

This job I kept until whenever it was that Lee Oswald returned to the U.S. from the U.S.S.R.

During the time I was working at Marks-Isaacs, or shortly before, I moved from the rooming house on Napoleon Avenue to a place on Barracks Street in the French Quarter.

Sometime in the early spring of 1962 Jessica and I broke up for all practical purposes, though we dated from time to time afterwards and tried to get it back together. (I think David Ferrie's party was one of these occasions.)

In the autumn of 1962 -- after another spate of temporary jobs and semi-starvation -- I got a job as a busboy and then as a waiter at the Sheraton-Charles Hotel.

At about the same time I found a small room for $20 a month at the corner of Royal and Dumaine in the Quarter.

I cannot ascertain exactly when it was that Gary and I discussed assassinating President John F. Kennedy, but it must have been at least several months after the weekend of riding in Carlos Marcello's car, and would have had to have been before I left town for a visit to California in early May of 1963. * *

I would guess that it was either late in 1962 or early in 1963.

Anyhow, one day Slim said to me, "Let's go spend some time with brother-in-law Sunday." Possibly "Saturday."

I agreed, and Slim and Gary and I wound up together out at Gary's house the next weekend.

At some point during the conversation, Gary said, "Kerry, how would you go about assassinating Kennedy?"

I immediately obliged him with a very gory murder suggestion.

Gary did not accept or reject or comment upon this idea, but simply gave Slim an extremely pleased, significant look.

The suggestion I had made was one someone had made to me at some earlier time. I speculate that it could have been made by someone working for Gary -- an anti-Castro soldier of fortune passing through the Bourbon House, for example -- but I am not sure where I heard it. I am now pretty sure that Gary was taping this session and that its main purpose was to set me up for future incrimination, should that become necessary.

The conversation went on along the same pattern, of Gary asking me for assassination ideas and me supplying them, for a short while, until I ran out of ideas. When that happened, Gary quiped in his typically cheerful manner: "And next we'll get Martin Luther King." *

* I vigorously opposed the idea of killing King.

** Incorrect -- see footnote on page 13.

I recall only two of the suggestions I made. The first involved a method of poisoning with a chemical that would "blow his stomach apart" and another involved the use of a remote control model airplane or rocket with a bomb in it. Gary's response was, as best I recall, pretty much the same each time -- no comment to speak of, just a smile in Slim's direction.

At one point Slim interjected, "Remember what I told you about brother-in-law, Kerry. Don't forget his name. He's a good man to know." Briefly Gary and I discussed his name -- how to spell it, what it meant in German, and the meaning of another German name (Steinkopf(sp?), a man who had been in MACS-9 back when I knew Oswald).

Another thing Gary asked me at one point was what I thought of "bringing Jimmy Hoffa into this thing." I said I thought it would be a good idea, that Hoffa was being persecuted by Robert Kennedy, and that I thought he was a good man.

I think it was also during this discussion that I asked Gary what he had done during the war. He made the statement more than once -- and I think this was about the second or third time -- that he and other mid-Westerners of German background had been sent to the Pacific Theater out of fear they would collaborate with the Germans if sent to Europe. I believe, but am not absolutely certain, that Gary told me he was in Naval Intelligence and that he had spent his time on a ship in the Pacific (possibly on Guam) monitoring radio broadcasts.

These discussions definitely took place after the U.N. had sent Congolese troops into Katanga -- because that was also one of the things we talked about as good reason for hating Kennedy.

At another point Gary said: "I think a good form of government would be one where each interest group elected representatives -- each industry, each union..." And so on, outlining the fascist corporate state -- finally asking, "Don't you think that would be a good form of government?" I said yes -- and then remembered that Gary had told me once before that this was fascism, which I certainly did not think was "a good form of government." But by that time Gary was smiling smugly, as if extremely satisfied with getting me to make that particular answer to that particular question, and so I let it pass.

During most of these discussions I had been sitting by the door or squatting in the center of the room and Gary had been sitting at the end of the room opposite the door, on a sofa. Slim, who said very little the whole time, was sitting to my right and Gary's left on one side of the room.

Finally, there came a time when I had a definite feeling the discussion was over. I couldn't figure it out. Gary and Slim had been acting very odd -- saying little, giving one another significant looks, smiling at what seemed to me inappropriate moments. Some of the time -- for a moment or two now and then -- I would get the idea they were really serious about all this. Then one or the other of them would say something -- or would fail to comment -- and I would get the idea we were just playing games. I think I probably wondered whether or not Gary had maybe bet Slim that I would be enthusiastic about killing Kennedy, hence the significant smiles and failure to develop any of my suggestions.*

* I think Slim "sanitized" the incident by telling me it was the result of a bet, a few days later.

By this time Gary was standing up near the center of the room and Slim was standing next to him, I believe, probably making ready to terminate the visit. Gary said: "I think the best way to pull off a political assassination and get away with it would be to have many people involved, but kept under the illusion that they were pursuing other goals. Don't you think that would be a good idea, Kerry?" My answer was affirmative. "But in order to do that you would have to have control of a very large bureaucracy." I agreed, concluding somewhat disappointedly that this was indeed nothing but a bull session -- since Kennedy was President and, to my way of thinking at that time, he obviously had control of all the bureaucracies. Gary smiled again, looking very pleased. Slim also had a pleased expression on his face.

Private!

I believe it was at this point that I made the suggestion of sending someone out to lead the opposition around in circles so an assassination would not be solved. To my mind, this was an alternative to the rather cumbersome notion Gary had expressed about using many people. I had gotten this idea from The Talent Scout by Romain Gary, in which a Latin American dictator sends out one of his henchmen to lead a revolution against him in order to discover who is against him. I'd given this book to Slim to read and Gary seemed familiar with the idea. In the book, the henchman proves not to be so loyal to the dictator after all and leads a successful revolution against him, instead. Gary said that was the trouble with that idea, that such is exactly what happens -- whoever you send out just goes over to the other side. But at this point I am not sure whether he actually rejected the idea or just pretended to reject it for the sake of security.

Another thing I said I think at ~~this point~~ That Time was that if I took part in an assassination I would afterwards have myself hypnotized to forget my role. This thought has come back to haunt me many times over the years, but I do not believe that is what happened.

Slim and I were now standing at the door, preparing to leave. Gary said: "Only one problem remains. Who to frame for it. I figure some jailbird." I asked him why frame anyone for it. He said: "People need answers." I then asked why frame a jailbird. Gary said something to the effect that people who get caught are inferior and don't deserve any breaks. I objected to this line of thinking. Gary said: "Well, who would you frame for it?" I think I probably said: "Hell, why not frame some Communist?" Gary smiled.

Another possibility about when this discussion might have taken place has occurred to me. It could have transpired sometime shortly after my return to New Orleans from California and Mexico City in September of 1963. I know that on the day of the assassination it was already an old memory, because it was not fresh in my mind enough to cause me to even begin to suspect Gary or Slim of being involved.*

I do not know how many times I visited Gary's home. Each time was with Slim and as few as two visits or as many as four or five might have taken place. My basic impression is that there were only two -- but I have some memory fragments of exchanges with Gary

*This is incorrect speculation; I'm now almost sure the talk took place two or three weeks before the assassination and it was Slim's telling me I had "made him lose ten dollars" that caused me to

in his living room which I cannot attribute with certainty to either of the visits I remember in detail. However, these are exchanges which could have taken place on either of the two visits or upon some less memorable visit.

Before covering these miscellaneous memory fragments I want to note one other interchange which I am fairly certain took place on the day of the assassination discussion, and which was left out of the foregoing because of oversight. Gary and I talked about who would make a good President and his choice was Nixon. Goldwater seemed like a more logical choice to me -- although I knew already that Gary didn't like Goldwater because he classified Goldwater as Jewish -- and I mentioned him. Gary replied, "Oh, don't talk to me about that raving Red." I have so far been unable to remember his reasons for preferring Nixon.

Among the exchanges which I cannot place was one fairly long argument about Jim Garrison in which all three of us took part. This was not a heated argument -- I don't recall ever seeing Gary appear angry -- but merely a disagreement. Gary did not like Garrison and in those days I did. I kept asking him for his reasons and then picking at them when he presented them. Finally he said, in a very lighthearted manner, that the real reason he hated Garrison was because "he wears a vest." He said he had told that to a co-worker of his at the brewery and the man had really cracked up laughing.

Whenever it was that he quit at the brewery, shortly thereafter he told how on the day he decided to resign he walked up behind someone who worked there that he didn't like, and jumped up and kicked the man in the back of the head with both feet. It sounded like a difficult stunt to pull off. Then, Gary said, he went to the office and turned in his resignation.

He said on a couple of occasions that while he considered black people to be subhuman there were some "niggers" who were all right. One of these was a man who worked at the brewery in some low-status job, I believe, and knew how to "keep in his place."

I recall telling Jessica that Gary was telling me stories about Papa Joe Comforto, but I do not remember any of these stories, or actually remember Gary telling them to me.

Gary had many stories to tell about the various Nazi leaders which I remember, but am not recording here because I don't think they are relevant enough to warrant the time and space it would take.

I am sure that at some point during the discussions with Gary I must have mentioned that it was a little-known fact that people could indeed be hypnotized to kill. I had read this in a book by a professor in the state of Washington who had been conducting experiments with hypnotized subjects. They could be induced it was found to throw what they thought was acid on someone.

Among the people Gary mentioned hating, in addition to Jews and blacks, were so many others that it was a joke between the three of us.

Once when Slim was laid up in the hospital with TB for awhile, I went to visit him. Gary it turned out had been by earlier and had left Slim a list titled something to the effect of "101 People Who Must Go."

It had such listings as "Jewish people" and "people with glasses" and "bald people" (Gary himself being bald) and so forth, getting progressively sillier as it went on until virtually everyone was covered by more than one category listed.

This was one of the things that lulled me into thinking Gary was not serious about the other things he said.

I believe, but am not certain, that Gary said members of his family were active in the German-American Bund in the Midwest during the thirties.

Another thing that happened out at the house was Gary told me Hitler said that one should never make the mistake of assuming people are any stupider than they really are.

I am sure I have a lot of other little fragmented memories like that laying around in my mind. Some of them may be important -- I haven't the other sources of information in terms of which to evaluate. On the basis of what I understand at this point about the over-all Kennedy murder operation, I have covered everything significant about Gary Kirstein that I recall from the period between April of 1961 to whenever it was that we saw each other before I left town in December of 1963.

Now I feel that I should backtrack and update on the progress of The Idle Warriors. After that, I should include a chronology of my relationship with Slim.

I postponed writing the last chapter of The Idle Warriors until Joyce finished typing most of the rest of the final draft. This must have been early 1962. I was hesitant to do this chapter because it dealt with an investigation of the main character's defection to the U.S.S.R. and I had only heard rumors of the investigation that was conducted at El Toro after Oswald's defection -- I had no first-hand knowledge of it. My preference would have been to place my main character in Moscow at the end and describe things from his viewpoint, but I had even less experience to go on for something like that.

I first sent the book manuscript to Charles Tuttle and Sons in Vermont who publish a lot of books about Japan, having a Toyko office I believe. They rejected it. I next sent it, in all probability, to Helen Curtis Brown literary agents, because another friend of Joyce Talley's named Saul Gottlieb had suggested that. After awhile I lost hope of selling the manuscript and turned my attention to other things. Occasionally someone would recommend an agent or publisher and I would give them a try.

It seems to me that someone recommended Max Shullman at some point. That name rang a bell recently when I ran across it in Robert Byron Watson's statement on the King assassination.

One person who recommended several publishers and/or agents to me was William deLys or Bill Schmit (his real name). Schmit had established the Theatre deLys in New York and was in New Orleans at least by late 1962 attempting to start a professional theater there. One of the people working for him for a long while was Vic Latham. I also worked for Schmit for awhile and was one of the few people who didn't wind up getting ripped off by him. (Lorraine Sinkler -- who was working for Jim Garrison by 1968 -- also worked for Schmit at that time.)

I met a New York promotor type named Jerry one night on a bus and it seems to me he was also associated with Schmit in some way. As I recall, Jerry recommended a publisher for The Idle Warriors that night on the bus, and that may have been Max Shullman.

I don't know what Jerry's last name was.

By the spring of 1963 The Idle Warriors was permanently on the shelf and I had decided to become a poet instead of a novelist.

When I got news that Oswald had returned from the Soviet Union in 1962 I quit my job at Mark-Isaacs as a shoe salesman in order to get a part-time job and start rewriting The Idle Warriors with the idea in mind that when I reached the last chapter this time around I would ~~got~~ go to Dallas and visit Lee and find out directly from him all the details I would need to set the conclusion to the book in Moscow. But I was never able to get my economic life in shape enough to do ~~this~~ the rewrite, let alone make the trip to Dallas. And by the time I went to work at the ~~Sheerton-Charles~~ ~~Sheraton~~ Sheraton-Charles I was heavily into poetry and ready to resign the Warriors to oblivion.

But in the spring of 1963 Clint Bolton entered my life and began a campaign to change all this.

Loy Ann Camp, a fellow poet named Joel Cohen, and Dave Carpenter and I were sitting in a bar one night and Joel and I were taking turns reading our poems.

Clint somewhat drunkenly butted in while I was reading one of mine and began to pester me. I behaved very rudely towards him, which didn't seem to ~~phase~~ faze him. He just stayed in there and kept punching and we wound up alone together in another bar talking about Pindar by sunrise.

That morning back at Clint's house I told him about The Idle Warriors. He said he could tell by the tone of my voice that the Warriors was what I should be writing instead of a bunch of "Tuesday afternoon" stuff, which is what he called my poetry. When we got through talking that morning he said to me, "Go home and write -- ya bum."

I don't know if I started a rewrite of the Warriors then or not, but if I did I quickly lost interest and was back to my poems and vignettes. Clint spent hours explaining to me that I should be writing a novel, not poems. I had a couple of other novel projects on my mind which I had never really gotten started and once in awhile I would go to work on one of these. But then Clint would come up with some reason why I should be working on The Idle Warriors instead.

The other thing Clint insisted on was that I should leave my politics out of my writing. Yet I realized that without the political message the Warriors would be all but pointless.

During these discussions, in which Clint would become extremely eloquent and of which he never seemed to tire, we spoke a great deal about my character, Johnny Shellburn, who was drawn in part from Oswald. Clint saw Shellburn as a bitter, lonely, alienated man to a much greater extent than I did.

Our relationship continued along these lines up until I left for California in May of 1963 and resumed where it left off as soon as I got back in September. Clint was consistent. He always wanted me working on a novel rather than poetry and on The Idle Warriors rather than one of my other novel projects.

Sometime in the autumn of 1963 Clint started reading The Idle Warriors manuscript and making specific suggestions for rewrite. His favorite chapter was "Soledad," and one night in the Bourbon House he got the novelist Tom Sancton to read it and make some suggestions.

In the autumn of 1963, in fact, Clint took an extraordinary interest in me and in seeing to it that I sat down and wrote. He provided me with what he called a "controversial" typewriter, because, he said, there was a controversy concerning its ownership. He told me not to worry about anything, that he would take care of me, that I should just write. He even provided me with a woman.

This was Jeanne Hack. Clint always called me his son, and one night when I was sitting in the Bourbon House he walked up with Jeanne and introduced her to me as his daughter. Then he said, "Let's have a little incest," and walked off.

Awhile later when I left the Bourbon House Jeanne, somewhat to my surprise, left with me, and trailed around with me for the next several days. (Jeanne's father, a Dr. Hack, was a well-known heart specialist at the Tulane Medical Center at that time; ~~and~~ in 1968 she was one of the witnesses that Garrison questioned about me and, according to what I heard, was then living in the Midwest married to someone named Napoli.)

As I was to learn after the assassination, Oswald had made headlines that summer in New Orleans with his "Fair-Play-for-Cuba" activities -- yet no one mentioned this to me when I got back to New Orleans in September. This was one of the things that Jim Garrison could not believe in 1968, and it is peculiar. I had talked a lot about Oswald in 1961 and 1962, and had conversed about him extensively with Clint as recently as that spring. But neither Clint nor anyone else said to me, "Hey, that guy you wrote The Idle Warriors about was in town last month."

This has caused me to think very ~~hea~~ hard about who I was with in the autumn of 1963 and what they seemed to be thinking about and doing.

But before going into detail about that time period in general I want to cover my relationship with Slim.

After about six weeks I began to pick up on things in Slim which turned me off. Sometimes he would wear the same clothes, without washing them, for several days in a row, until he smelled obnoxious. Also, after that first six weeks, he began telling the same old jokes and stories over again. Moreover, meanwhile, Greg and I had developed a number of new friends, so that eventually Slim became a minor friend instead of the major one he had been at the beginning.

Slim did remain a colorful figure in our eyes, however, and it was entirely pleasant to spend an evening or an afternoon with him now and then. He was not a writer, but he had a way with words that was extraordinary. When he spoke, he dropped articles generally and resorted to original, albeit sometimes oft repeated, ways of describing things. I remember, for example, the night he said of a couple we visited of which the male member was scratched up and the female member bruised: "Looks like they been having an argument -- by hand."

I dubbed Slim a natural poet and called his one-liners "Slimmericks."

When Slim and I first met, he was living on one of the streets in the Quarter that runs parallel with Bourbon and with Rampart and is located between them -- probably it was Dauphine. He lived here for quite awhile.

Later on -- I'm not sure when -- he was living out of the Quarter on the Irish Channel on Magazine Street. He also lived here for quite some time.

By 1964 he was living in the Quarter again somewhere up around * Decatur Street. And the last few times I have seen him -- in a brief visit to the Quarter in 1966** I believe, and in 1968 when I became involved with Jim Garrison's theories Slim was living on Decatur Street.

I don't recall ever spending time with Gary without Slim being present, but most of the time I spent with Slim was without Gary, though Slim frequently brought Gary up, usually referring to him simply as "brother-in-law."

Slim seemed to find Gary quite fascinating -- admiring in particular the deviousness of his mind.

Also, during part of the time that I knew Slim he was in a hospital which was out in the direction of Napoleon Avenue somewhere. I think I rode the Magazine Street bus to get there. This was sometime in the early sixties, before 1963.

Because of his TB Slim was not fit for the work he loved best, going to sea, so he worked at odd jobs and seemed to have a very hard time of it economically. Although "brother-in-law" was modestly well-off, it appeared, Slim never seemed to depend on him for help, or to expect economic assistance. They both seemed philosophically opposed to that kind of relationship. Gary believed in survival of the fit and Slim summed up his own ethic in that area as: "I got mine; how you doin'?"

For another brief period -- I think in the autumn of 1962 -- Slim was living, working, and singing hymns at some sort of skid row mission. Of this experience he said: "Lincoln freed the black ones ninety years ago."

* Correction: he was living on Esplanade, right next to the Quorum, in 1964.

** 1965, not 1966. But he was not yet living on Decatur until 1968.

At this time I recall vividly only two things about Slim that revolve around the point in time when President Kennedy was killed. One night in the Bourbon House -- either shortly before or shortly after the assassination -- Slim said in a mean growl, obviously for my benefit though addressing someone else nearby: "Kerry says I repeat myself like a worn-out record and so forth; well -- he'll learn."

The other thing is that in December of 1963, when I was contemplating forsaking my "whim-worshipping" French Quarter friends (most of whom had shed tears over the death of JFK while I had seen the event as an occasion for celebration) I considered two different plans. One of these was to go directly to New York in order to "be with more rational people" (i.e. Ayn Rand and her followers). The other was to take up the invitation which a childhood friend of mine, Robert Mcdonald, had extended recently to live with him in Alexandria, Virginia, then to settle there for awhile by finding a job and my own place to live, then in perhaps a year to move on to New York.

One afternoon I discussed these alternatives with Slim in the Bourbon House and he persuaded me to move to Alexandria on the basis that it was near Washington, D.C., and my living there would increase the liklihood that I would be called to testify about Oswald, which in turn would be good publicity for my book and might help me sell it to a publisher.

As I've previously indicated, in early May of 1963 I went to California to spend the summer with my parents. I believe they had sent me the money for bus fare as a birthday gift.

For many years I had wanted to visit Mexico City and before leaving New Orleans I told Slim and many others that as I returned that fall, I was going to detour down to Mexico City and spend about a month.

I kept in touch by letter with both Slim and Clint Bolton during my summer in Whittier, California.

During the spring of 1963 I worked in a restaurant directly across from Disneyland part of the time and lived in a hotel in Anaheim. After that I worked for awhile at X.X. Mitchell's restaurant in East Whitter. Finally, toward the end of the summer, I wound up working at the Trapper's Inn in La Habra.

One day, probably in late August, I was dismissed from the job as a waiter at the Trapper's Inn quite suddenly on the grounds that I was "too slow." The man whose job it was to give me the news said he did not understand why Mr. Bullard, the owner, was firing me, because he said there were other waiters working there who were slower than I was.

Mr. Bullard and Mr. Mitchell, my previous employer, were friends, and I had been trying to act like a Mickey Spillane hero when I was working at X.X. Mitchell's and had made somewhat of a pain in the neck of myself. So it is possible that Mitchell told Bullard I was a "bad egg" or something and that is why I was fired. It is also possible that Bullard, a Texan, was somehow indirectly influenced to fire me by Gary Kirstein or one of the other conspirators in order to get me moving in the direction of Mexico City at that time.

I rode with my parents down to the Mexican border in late August and bought a bus ticket in Tijuana for Mexico City. During the week I wound up spending in Mexico City I lived in the Hotel Marlin and had no contacts whatever with anyone who spoke English. (I had taken Spanish all during high school and during my one year of college and had worked with Latin American waiters and bus boys at the Sheraton-Charles -- many of which, incidentally, were anti-Castro Cubans. My Spanish was therefore good enough so that I could get by.)

Mexico City was a great disappointment to me. Not only was it much less exotic than Manila, which I had expected it to resemble, but it was also much more expensive than I had anticipated. That is why I wound up leaving at the end of a week instead of going through with my plan to spend a month there.

Shortly after I returned to New Orleans during, I think, the first week in September, Lee Harvey Oswald -- probably acting on the instructions of FBI agent Hosty -- went to Mexico City. I did not learn that Oswald had been to Mexico City until after the assassination, and when I did find out that not only had he been there but that his visit there had occurred a couple of weeks after mine, I began to realize that others might have good reason for suspecting me of being part of an assassination conspiracy.

If the plans for Oswald to go to Mexico City could for some reason not have been changed at the last minute, I think it is possible that the assassins planned somehow to get us involved with each other in Mexico City and that my early return to New Orleans might have foiled that expectation.

Perhaps not. In any case, Slim (and therefore Gary) was undoubtedly one of the first people to hear about it when I got back to the French Quarter in early September.

My closest friend during September, October, and November of 1963 was Clint Bolton. Earlier I sketched out some of Clint's interactions with me during that period, but did not include my recent speculations as to what Clint was doing in relation to a possible assassination conspiracy.

In 1968 when I came under Jim Garrison's suspicion, members of his staff (namely Andrew Sciambra) told me that Clint Bolton had worked writing publicity for various CIA anti-Castro groups. It got back to me second-hand that Garrison regarded Clint as my CIA babysitter. The notion that a Princeton gentleman like Clint Bolton would have taken part in a murder plot against someone like John F. Kennedy has always struck me as absurd in the extreme.

However, it is entirely possible that Clint would have taken part in such a conspiracy unwittingly, under the illusion that it was an official U.S. operation to assassinate Castro.

Clint was friends both with Clay Shaw and with Guy Bannister. It strikes me as extremely possible that Bannister might have told him Oswald was going to assassinate Castro and have assigned him to coach me in rewritting <u>The Idle Warriors</u> in order to provide cover that would emphasize Oswald's "loner" qualities and thereby help disassociate him from the Central Intelligence Agency and/or Federal Bureau of Investigation.

My most recent address for Clint is 1231 Decatur Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70116. Phone: 504-523-5632. It seems to me that it should be a fairly high priority to question Clint. Approached by official investigators who asked sufficiently pointed questions, I'm relatively certain Clint would have a great deal to say that would shed light on the JFK assassination.

Please keep in mind that Clint has a bad heart and it is important therefore to avoid coming on "tough" with him, etc.

As recently as 1968 Clint maintained his belief in the lone assassin theory. I think this was a sincere stance. Clint probably knew that Oswald was a government agent and thought that he was slated to kill Castro and had somehow flipped out and killed Kennedy instead.

I have a number of miscellaneous memories concerning my interactions with Clint in the fall of '63, in addition to those which I mentioned earlier. Some of what may be the more important ones follow.

It was Clint who suggested I go to work at Arno's restaurant, in late October, perhaps, or early November. This is where I was working as a waiter at the time of the JFK assassination.

Clint was extremely calm about my flamboyant, obnoxious behavior immediately following the assassination. This was unusual among my friends, the rest of whom -- except for a couple of extreme rightwingers -- became angry with me for expressing joy at the death of the President.

Looking back, I think Clint's uncharacteristic (for him) calm was a professional calm. From his point of view, it might have appeared that the killing of Kennedy was a SNAFU -- that Oswald had somehow flipped out of FBI and/or CIA control. Clint would then have been keeping a cool head in an emergency. Everything about Clint's behavior that I know -- before, during, and after the events in Dallas fits this theory.

After the assassination Clint became my self-appointed public relations man. Strangely, it was not until then that he became aware, so he said, that The Idle Warriors was based on Oswald. On the night of November 22nd, when he revealed this ignorance, I was much too caught up in my personal melodramas to wonder at that. But upon reflection over these many years it has begun to seem very strange to me that Clint could have failed to recall my many discussions about Oswald and his dramatic defection to the Soviet Union being the climax of the book.

Once I assured him that Oswald was indeed the Marine I had known whose defection had inspired The Idle Warriors plot, he began parading me around from one T.V. or radio station to another, feeding me attitudes and probably even lines, incidentally, to feed to the American public in turn -- not distortions of fact so much as of emphasis. Everyone wanted to hear how disturbed Oswald was. Nobody was interested in much else about him. The other stuff didn't sell.

A precise measure of Clint's total effect upon me may be gotten by comparing the two drafts of The Idle Warriors I gave the Warren Commission -- the one written before the assassination with the one influenced by Clint which I wrote after the assassination.

Sam Fin-ah-zee (phonetic approximation) -- one of the brothers by the same name who owned a tabacco wholesaler dealership down on Decatur Street near the Esplanade end -- was a sudden and then constant companion of Clinton James Bolton in the autumn of 1963.

When I was working for Arno's I would finally locate Clint and Sam at Barbara Reid's home, almost every night after work. Sometimes there would also be an actor there by the name of Cliff Hall.

Clint also worked for Sam that fall. They would go into a tabacco retailer and Sam would lay a rap for his cigars down while Clint, to hear him tell it, stood there "looking like George Raft." Sam's influence perhaps explains why Clint was dressing about the way Sid Stone did on the Milton Berle Show back in the Fifties. (That's about the way he was dressed when he took me around to the media.)

Possibly Sam was Clint's Syndicate babysitter or something along those lines.

Sam and I shared an enthusiastic admiration for Garabaldi.

Very soon after I got back to the French Quarter that fall I was sitting in the Bourbon House at the corner table near the window talking to some male of my acquaintance.

Barbara Glancy Reid, whose reputation as a voodoo worker had reached my ears but with whom I was not then well-acquainted, turned from her place next to some gentleman at the bar and said to me: "Have you ever been in radio work?" I replied that I had not. "Well you should be in radio. You have a lovely voice." I thanked her and resumed discussion with my male aquaintance, who was sitting to my right, back to the window.

Whoever this was, after the assassination Barbara began insisting that it had been Oswald.

I have considered all sorts of remote possibilities that it was. But if it was really Oswald it seems odd that I would fail to recognize him, so I think it was someone who would have looked like Oswald to Barbara, but not to me. I think that male to my right in the Bourbon House that day was the so-called Second Oswald or Leon Oswald of the puzzling Warren Commission tid-bits. And I further believe, but am not certain, that whoever this guy was, he may have been working as a bus boy at the Sheraton-Charles for a short while when I was working there also.

"Frenchie" in the Mystery Tramp Photos has always seemed to resemble a Sheraton-Charles bus boy about whom my memories are vague. Both Victor Charles Latham and Shirley Lucas should be asked to look at "Frenchie" in the Tramp Photos.

I am not at all certain of this theory, but I do think it is worth ~~dwork~~ checking out.

Many of the bus boys at the Sheraton-Charles were anti-Castro Cubans, and I worked there briefly ~~—like at that same time, in fact—~~ right after I got back to New Orleans from California. again

The above is the somewhat well-known Bourbon House incident around which Garrison's public accusations at me and my replies to him centered in 1968.

The transcript to my testiomny delivered to the Orleans Parish Grand Jury on February 8, 1968, ought to be acquired by investigators, and a copy ought to be sent to me for corrections in punctuation, etc.

Shortly after the Bourbon House incident would have occurred I quit work at the Sheraton-Charles. For the most of the rest of

the couple of weeks that Oswald, unknown to me, was in town and apparently even hanging out at many of the same places I was, I was spending lots of time in the apartment of a female friend of mine (Loy Ann Camp) talking to her new boyfriend, Tom (Buck) Mashburn.

Tom had a brother named Snell who was the big love of Loy's life. I met Tom soon after my return to the Quarter -- even before quiting at the Sheraton, in fact -- and soon I discovered that beneath Buck's country boy outward appearance was a very dynamic intellectual.

Buck was a spellbinder. He would keep me up all night, night after night, with incredible philosophical raps and discussions of psychology. Thus I wound up sleeping during the days, which kept me off the streets of the Quarter, where I might have run into Lee Oswald otherwise.

Buck Mashburn may have been a victim of circumstance. He did, however, have all kinds of incredible mental and atheletic skills which would have served a professional espionage man well. He could memorize things quickly. He could walk down a suburban block passing out commercial leaflets (which he and I did to make money one day) ~~and~~ without getting winded or seeming to hurry. ~~**~~ simply by economizing on his motions and steps -- he could move so fast that I had to run down the other side of the street, doing the same thing with the leaflets, to keep up with him.

Mashburn, in my opinion, could have been anything from an innocent by-stander to a witting assassin.

He is a friend of Loy's father, a football coach (also named Loy Camp) at the university in Lake Charles. In 1968 he showed up at the Atlanta Public Library where I was working at the time. Soon thereafter I discovered he was attending Georgia State University.

During discussions in past years he mentioned once to me the existence of a photo of him and Oswald in Fong's on Decatur Street taken in the autumn of 1963, but said that they did not know each other, just happened to be in the same photo of the inside of that restaurant.

Around the time I wrote my article for The Great Speckled Bird titled "Did the Plumbers Plug JFK Too?" (27 August 1973) I ran into Buck at school and mentioned the Hunt-Sturgis theory. He made his opinion clear that I was playing around with something I shouldn't.

The next time or so that I saw him I asked him point blank who he figured had assassinated John F. Kennedy. Buck told me he thought it was "an act of God."

These represent some essential highlights in my relationship with Buck Mashburn. I also recall hearing the rumor that his brother Snell was collecting all the information on the JFK murder that he could -- this was during one of my visits to New Orleans (1964, 1965 ~~1966~~, 1968).

Whether there are any records which indicate that Tom Mashburn has at any time worked for a government agency in the role of an intelligence agent would seem to be a crucial means of discovering whether or not he is deserving of more investigation regarding the assassination.

There were some others with whom I interacted in the autumn of 1963. I feel that I should mention them, but I cannot speculate with much certainty on whether or not they were involved in any operations related to the assassination.

I spent a great deal of time with Jim Dyer, who was going through economic hardship, as was I, that fall (previous to my employment at Arno's). I was making some money in tips working at Castillo's Mexican Restaurant and on at least one occasion I split my day's earnings with Jim. We spent a lot of time just hanging out together, doing little besides killing time.

Jim was also an Ayn Rand freak. He had been married to a woman named Bootsie Gulp whose family lived across the river from New Orleans, and she, too, was an admirer of Ayn Rand. Jim came from a Lebonese family which had settled in Kentucky, and I believe he had been spending the summer with them.

Jim, as I recall, had a friend named Frank whom we visited from time to time somewhere there in the French Quarter. Not until after I testified in 1968 did I learn that the full name of this Frank was Frank Martin, Jr. -- someone Garrison had asked me about over and over when the full name meant nothing to me.

Another person I knew through Jim and about whom Garrison asked me -- and whose name I did not place regarding events in my own life -- was Dave Chandler. After testifying for the Orleans Parish Grand Jury in 1968 I placed Dave Chandler as another friend of Jim's, also into Ayn Rand, who I met in the autumn of 1963 and with whom I even had breakfast one morning. In 1968 I learned that Dave Chandler was a friend of Clint Bolton's, and also that he had been a stringer for Life magazine at the time I knew him.

Richard Billings, a former Life staffer who became a Warren Report critic and did a series of interviews with me on tape in 1968, once expressed the opinion to me that Dave Chandler "knew more about the assassination than he was telling." He did not give the basis for his suspicions, however.

A few years back I heard second-hand that Jim Dyer was living in New York city and was involved in hard drug traffic.

Jeanne Hack, with whom I was having a deteriorating and sordidly petty relationship in the autumn of 1963, was also associated with a sky diver who said he was part of a traveling show. His name was Alan Campbell and he was also a former Atsugi Marine, and he spoke fluent Japanese. Possibly he was working with some military intelligence operation.

Finally, Jeanne had a younger brother who stayed with us part of the time, and as I recall he was supposed to be on leave from the Navy.

The John Kennedy assassination was a traumatic event in my life. This was due partially to my anti-Kennedy sentiments and how [illegible] expressing these brought me into conflict with friends and acquaintances of the time. But more importantly it had to do with Oswald -- that he was someone I had known personally, that he was murdered and that, about his life, as opposed to the President's, nobody seemed to care. I identified strongly with Oswald.

So in December of 1963 when I left the French Quarter for Northern Virginia, I felt like an exile. I got a job in a high-rise apartment building called Shirlington House as a doorman and stand-in PBX operator.

During this year I made a final attempt to embrace wholeheartedly the philosophy of Ayn Rand, on the theory that all my troubles resulted from an insufficient mastery of the "principles of Objectivism." As a result I became an even more difficult individual than I had been before. I wrote letters which expressed this state of mind -- to Jessica Luck, Phil Boatright (a poet I had known in New Orleans), and others -- and I believe these letters came to the attention of Jim Garrison and other Warren Report critics in 1968 and cause me to appear more authoritarian and neurotic than I was previous to the year in Arlington, and certainly more so than I have ever been since.

I believe it was during this same period of time that Greg Hill returned to New Orleans for another extended stay. Greg has always been able to get around my dogmatic tendencies with his keen humor and wit, and so we remained in fairly close contact by mail during 1964.

Greg and I had invented a make-believe religion in the fifties centered around the Greek goddess of confusion and disorder, Eris, and we called it the Discordian Society. Discordian doctrines and dogmas ~~where~~ comprised the subject of much of our correspondence since these have always been of high interest to Greg.

My reason~~s~~ for mentioning the Discordian Society is because Slim Brooks was an active participant in exchanging Discordian declarations and documents and Gary Kirstein would therefore have known about this network and may have used it as cover at some point or other. In 1968 Roger Lovin told me that Jim Garrison was investigating the possibility that the Discordian Society was some kind of CIA front -- which, at that time, I thought was very funny and completely absurd of Garrison.

Roger Lovin was another active Discordian in New Orleans, due I think to Greg Hill's 1964 efforts there. Roger was also a close friend of Slim Brooks and in 1968 when he fell under suspicion with Garrison's office much as I did, he began putting out an underground paper in New Orleans called The Word.

I have never known Roger very well. He has a reputation for being a charming con artist. He also has numerous artistic and theatrical talents. During the autumn of 1963 Roger and I used to see each other in the Bourbon House from time to time and -- just as a joke on anyone sitting around overhearing us -- we used to speak to each other in nonsense language, very similar to that produced by a speeded-up tape recorder.

I believe it is very possible that Roger was unwittingly or somehow semi-wittingly involved in the assassination and that he should be questioned specifically regarding his relationship with Slim and also regarding a possible relationship with Kirstein. My understanding is that he is presently living in Cincinatti and I think I can obtain his address if necessary.

Another Discordian who became active during Greg's second stay in New Orleans was Bob MacElroy, about whom I know next to nothing, except that he lived in Monroe, Louisiana.

During this same time period Greg also got to know Clint Bolton and became better acquainted with Slim Brooks. Greg later told me that he once saw Slim climb up the side of a building like a human fly or cat burglar.

In the spring of 1964 I testified for the Warren Commission. By that time, I had become almost entirely convinced by the media that Lee Harvey Oswald acting alone had killed the President. That there might have been a conspiracy was to my mind no longer a serious possibility. That Gary, and most especially Slim, could have actually been responsible for organizing the operation which resulted in the assassination seemed implausible, if not downright paranoid. I doubt seriously if it ever even occurred to me to mention my assassination talk with Kirstein to the Warren Commission counsel.

What I did expect to have to deal with was my own celebrating of the assassination. Much to my relief, Jenner (Albert E. Jenner, the attorney who interviewed me: volume 11 of the 26 volumes) did not bring the subject up, except off the record -- later on -- when I returned a few days after testifying to correct my transcript. At that time he said: "Yeah, we heard about the way you reacted to the assassination, but we also asked around and found out that when you get a couple of beers in you you mouth off a lot and like to get people riled up." I think I told him the beers didn't have anything to do with it -- it was just my personality.

In late summer of 1964 I returned to New Orleans for a visit. I'm sure that a couple of weeks before I made this trek I must have dropped a line to Slim and/or Clint to announce my forthcoming arrival.

When I got there, and saw Slim, he told me, "There's a man wants to see you before you leave town." I asked him who. He said, as if imparting something of great significance, "Fellow whose name begins with K. Lives out on Jefferson Highway."

That seemed odd to me, that Gary should want to make a special effort to get together with me, since we had never been close. But I agreed to a meeting.

Through Slim, I arranged to meet with Gary at the Quorum coffee house on Esplanade, since I had arranged to lecture there one evening on why, as a Randite, I believed it was an intellectually respectable position to support Barry Goldwater for the Presidency.

The night of the lecture came, and Gary did not attend. I don't remember whether Slim sat in for the lecture or not, but in any case both he and Gary were there afterwards, out in back on the patio which adjoined the coffee house.

As I recall, Gary was already seated comfortably as Slim and I approached. At that time the Warren Report had just been issued -- or was just about to be, possibly -- and Slim seemed to regard me as a celebrity on that account. He kept calling people over who had not attended the lecture and did not know me from my previous stay in New Orleans and each time, as he introduced me, he would say: "This is Kerry -- he knew Oswald." And, as was my wont in those days, I would say: "Yeah, I masterminded the Kennedy assassination. How do you do?"

Now Gary had almost nothing to say to me, but he seemed to be regarding the situation with great satisfaction. I couldn't figure it out. What was the purpose of this meeting?

Another reason it seemed strange to find Gary so silently pleased with himself was the recent death of Ola Holcomb, who had after all been his lover for at least several months just a couple of years earlier. Ola had apparently committed suicide by shooting herself in the head a couple of weeks earlier (probably at about the same time news had reached the French Quarter of my impending visit). When I heard that Ola had killed herself I was deeply shocked -- she was an extremely strong person. Also, she had always appeared to be very close to her mother, with whom she was living at the time of her death, and yet she apparently blasted her head open in the kitchen of their apartment, leaving her remains for her mother to discover. It was astonishing that Ola should have killed herself and even more peculiar to my way of thinking that Gary Kirstein should seem in such good spirits so soon afterwards -- but while these things struck me as odd, I did not put them together in my mind.

In retrospect it seems to me very possible that Gary Kirstein killed Ola. I speculate that Ola could easily have known a great deal about Gary which -- put together with the information which only Gary and Slim knew I already possessed -- would have made it evident that Gary had set up the assassination of John Kennedy, to both Ola and me. For reasons which I will go into shortly, I believe Gary thought I already had an inkling concerning his guilt but was keeping my mouth shut because of fear and/or my hatred for Kennedy. Ola's politics, in spite of my having converted her to Ayn Rand in 1961, were much more liberal than mine and there would have been little question in Gary's mind as to what she would have done about the discovery that Gary had assassinated Kennedy.

Now, getting back to the scene at the Quorum coffee house (very near to which Slim was living in 1964, by the way, for whatever that information might be worth), Gary just continued to sit there in the semi-darkness grinning his smug grin and looking at me, while Slim and I and various coffee house clientele made small talk, with me very conscious of Gary's observing mute presence.

I do not remember what the subjects of this small talk were, but some of them -- in light of the way Slim was introducing me -- must have revolved around the assassination, and my opinions concerning Oswald's guilt, whether or not others were involved, etc.

Finally, Slim and Gary started making ready to leave, and -- since I felt we had not conversed much -- I must have asked Gary something to the effect of how was he doing these days. His reply -- although I subsequently forgot the exact context -- made a lasting impression on me. He said he was doing fine and that he really liked living out in the country "because there are no neighbors to hear screaming at night." A distinctly evil glare followed.

My immediate reaction was to give Gary a puzzled look, which must have not been what he expected because, for the only time I can remember, he seemed nonplused. He quickly mumbled something about how one of these nights he was going to go out and get himself a "nigger woman" and "beat the hell out of her."

I did not know what to make of that particular remark -- it was not accompanied by the usual little giggle or grin -- only by a look of awkwardness which at the time I was at a loss to interpret; but the exchange gave me very weird feelings about Gary, and as we parted company I silently hoped I would never have to deal with him again. It also crossed my mind that if he was serious there was not much I could do about it.

In light of my recent realizations concerning Gary Kirstein I now see a certain logic and possible motivation in his actions that night. I think Gary probably had three reasons for wanting to see me: 1) in his eyes a by-product of his having pulled off the so-called crime of the century was his having made me "famous," and he wanted to enjoy his albeit unrecognized importance in my life by gloating a bit in my presence, perhaps he even wanted to give me an inkling that the assassination had been his work; 2) I think he wanted to find out just how much I suspected and exactly what I was telling people when they asked me if I thought Oswald had really done it, acting alone (Slim's "he knew Oswald" remark being a perfect opening for such questions from others); and, finally, I think he wanted to intimidate me a little, so that I would not actively pursue any suspicions I might have about his involvement.

Now when I responded to Slim's opener by saying jokingly that I had masterminded the JFK murder, Gary and Slim and I were aware that the quip had a deeper level than those to whom it was addressed were in a position to realize, because of the discussion we had the day Gary asked me for ideas on how to kill Kennedy. At that time, I regarded that discussion as an erie coincidence to be laughed at, but whether Gary realized this or not I do not know. His later remark about screams in the night, couple with his oddly off-guard reaction when my response was puzzlement rather than, presumably, fear -- indicates to me that perhaps he had thought, until making what must have been intended as a veiled threat, that I understood or suspected far more than I did.

My stopover in New Orleans had been a nostalgic detour on a journey to Robert LeFevre's Freedom School in Colorado Springs, * where I had won a scholarship for a two-week course of study in libertarian capitalist thought, with which the ideas of Ayn Rand were somewhat identified. Here I expected to get more "intellectual ammunition" with which to combat the rotten "whim worshipers" of the collectivist world, but instead I went through my third really important ideological change, from Rand's concept of limited government to the position that a nonviolent and wholly non-governmental society was both desirable and, in time, possible.

LeFevre refuses to call himself an anarchist, because the term is associated traditionally with antagonism to private property, which he sees as an absolute right -- but most other libertarians who come to his position that government is both evil and unnecessary wind up calling themselves "rightwing anarchists" for the sake of simplicity in communication.

I did not come around to LeFevre's outlook in all respects, but

*Actually, Larkspur, Colorado -- now Ramparts College in Santa Ana, California.

he convinced me that all political violence, regardless of its ideological justification, merely serves to strengthen the State, and that what we now think of as governments are nothing more or less, morally and ethically, than criminal protection rackets which have surrounded themselves with a mystique of legitimacy, be it Divine Right, constitutionalism, or whatever. LeFevre believes that self-government is a viable alternative to the State and that when nations begin to attain a level of civilization where self-government predominates, political rule will fall into disrepute much in the way that cannibalism has been abandoned by most of the human race in today's world. In the mean time he advocates education as the only means of bringing that day nearer.

His arguments profoundly impressed me and shortly thereafter, when I moved out to Southern California to take a job as editor of a libertarian newsletter, I found myself very much at odds with the Randites and the other right libertarians who maintained a belief in government as a "necessary evil." I also soon started calling myself an anarchist and began acquainting myself with the ideas of the anarchists in history, especially those who argued against the State from an individualist ethical position.

I also soon discovered the New Left, and I helped pioneer a movement among libertarian elements to cooperate politically with the New Left, many members of which were anarchistic and individualistic, instead of with the conservatives, among whom racism, antisexualism, and unthinking patriotism limited the possibilities for genuine freedom.

My move to Los Angeles took place shortly before the Goldwater defeat and I remained in that area until autumn of 1967. It proved to be a period of enormous growth for me, both politically and personally.

I had traveled through Chicago on the way back to the Arlington area after the Freedom School visit, and there I stopped by to see publisher Paul Neimark, whose Randite magazine articles and paperback anthologies had impressed me, and with whose secretary, Louise Lacey, I had been corresponding for many months.

During my interview with Neimark (of Novel Books) I mentioned having known Oswald and having written <u>The Idle Warriors</u> and suggested that Neimark might be interested in publishing it.

Soon after my arrival in California I got a letter from Neimark in which he stated that while he was not interested in publishing the <u>Warriors</u> (because, he said, he thought I would be able to get more for it from a hardback publisher), he would like me to do a nonfiction paperback on Oswald.

Neimark had very specific notions about what he wanted the book to contain. For one thing he wanted a psychological portrait of the accused assassin which interpreted his projected motives in terms of Objectivist Psychology. For another thing, he insisted upon a fictionalized chapter in which the readers could see the assassination, as the Warren Report outlined it, through the eyes and mind of Lee Oswald. Also, he wanted to include selected excerpts from the version of <u>The Idle Warriors</u> which was written before the assassination.

It was also absolutely essential in Neimark's opinion that his publishing house, which also owned The National Insider, receive first American serial rights to the book -- which we both agreed should be titled Oswald -- so that the Insider could run it as a series of articles -- and that I sign a contract giving the Insider permission to "simplify the language."

All these conditions were agreeable to me at the time, but I did not realize what liberties the Insider would take with the material I had written when they "simplified" the language. Since I did not read the Insider installments when they appeared on the stands later, I was not to realize what great liberties had been taken with the material, by way of sensationalizing it, until long after the matter was water under the bridge. But meanwhile a number of Warren Report critics -- most notably Ray Marcus -- read the Insider version of Oswald and became inflamed at me for "jumping on Oswald when he was down" and "cashing in on the assassination." Although Mr. Marcus lived in Los Angeles, neither he nor any of the other critics confronted me with such accusations, so I was never given a chance to explain the actual circumstances which resulted in the Insider sensationalization of my book.

The paperback book edition of Oswald, which made its appearance in April of 1965, carried sensationalistic cover promotion, but the actual content which appeared under my by-line was just as I had written it. Oswald also contained a piece by Bud Simco, with whom I was again in contact since moving to California, which expressed his perspective on my MACS-9 relationship with Oswald. I believe it was my idea to include a piece by Bud in this book.

Sometime in the autumn* of 1965 I received a telephone call from Warren Report critic David Lifton, who told me that he was also a student of the philosophy of Ayn Rand, that he had read Oswald and recognized it as an exposition of Objectivist Psychology, and that he would like to come over and talk to me about the conclusions of the Warren Commission, which my book had held in great reverence.

At this time I was living in Culver City with Cara Leach, who was to become my spouse a few months later. David had purchased the 26 volumes of testimony and documents upon which the Warren Report was supposed to be based and he brought these over with him in the trunk of his car.

He spread volumes out all over the apartment and talked like a high-pressure salesman. At first I felt as if someone was trying to sell me a set of encyclopedias, but there was just no denying the rationality of his arguments. Again and again, he showed Cara and me vital testimony the Warren Report had ignored, pointed out contradictions between assertions contained in the Report and data contained in the 26 volumes, etc. By the time the evening was over Cara was in tears, and I was very, very shaken.

Lifton and I continued to discuss matters pertaining to the assassination over the years. David has tapes of many of these talks.

* Possibly this was winter or very late autumn; Lifton probably has notes as to the exact date.

During the next couple of years I found that Lifton had a wildly fluctuating personality. We would meet one time and he would be calm, articulate, rational and most impressive. A week or so later he would be hysterical, paranoid, and totally freaked out. I never knew what to expect when he called. (At that time I did not understand what caused these extremes in behavior; in the six months or so between July of 1975 and the end of the year I found out for myself what a nervous strain it is to think about something as officially invisible and yet as really menacing as an assassination conspiracy during every waking hour of one's life, and then to have dreams and nightmares about it after one goes to sleep -- it produces a state of mind which I have come to call the "assassination crazies," and I think they not only afflicted Lifton, but also that they explain much of the bizarre behavior of Oswald's mother, of Jack Ruby, of Jim Garrison, Harold Weisberg and other "nuts" associated with the JFK murder in one way or another. My own experiences with this state of mind have given me a lot of compassion in recent months for those individuals, and I now firmly believe the "assassination crazies" are simply a natural response to a most unnatural predicament.)

Most of the meetings that David Lifton and I had took place in the lobby of Glen Towers (1333 South Beverly Glen Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024), a high-rise apartment building in which I worked as night PBX clerk from the winter of 1964 until June of 1966. I got my job at Glen Towers by canvassing all the large apartment buildings in the Westwood area with resumes, so it seems to me that in this case it must have been a genuine coincidence -- but by far the most colorful resident of Glen Towers was a reputed Mafia <u>don</u> by the name of John Roselli.

Glen Towers had a basement parking lot which was wired for sound so that the desk clerk could hear any noises resulting from activity therein. On several occasions the clerks on the desk, particularly those on the day shift, would hear car doors opening and shutting and, upon investigation, would discover two men in suits going through Roselli's car. Upon being challenged, such individuals would always produce FBI identification. Whenever this happened, I was usually told when I came on duty by the clerk I was relieving. And I would always pass the word to Roselli when he came in that evening.

One night when I told Roselli that the Feds had been caught searching his car again, he responded with the following words: "Those people are so stupid -- they don't bother me. You know who is really stupid is the CIA. They're so stupid they killed their own President -- trying to get some bookie."

I have never figured out exactly what Roselli meant by "some bookie." He took me up to his apartment and showed me a place in the wall -- a small hole, I think -- where he said the FBI had once planted a bug. "I stuffed Kleenex in it," he told me. Then he loaned me a copy of a book called <u>The Invisible Government</u>, about the CIA, and indicated a specific chapter to read.

I read this chapter and found nothing in it pertaining to the assassination of the President or, as far as I could tell, to "some bookie." It did, however, contain a reference to anti-Castro training camps in Louisiana. With a copy of The Invisible Government in my hands, I can identify the chapter in question, but I do not know offhand its number or title.

On this occasion I told Roselli I had known Oswald and that I hated the government probably as much as he, Roselli, did because I was an anarchist. But I do not believe these statements registered with Roselli; he just looked at me blankly and laughed politely.

Another ideological phase of mine, which was later to cause misunderstanding among assassination buffs, occurred during the period of time that I worked at Glen Towers. I read The Ego and His Own, by nineteenth century German individualist anarchist Max Stirner and began making Stirneristic declarations in letters to my libertarian friends, such as Louise Lacey (who was by this time living in San Francisco and who shared my enthusiasm for an alliance with the New Left).

I made such statements as: "If I find it in my self-interest, I will lie, cheat, steal, kill, etc. I am a law unto myself. I reject not only altruism, but all systems of morality." Taken in their full context, Stirner's ideas are not as ferocious as such extreme statements as the above make them sound. In fact Stirner himself was a mild-mannered school teacher whose real name was J. Casper Schmidt, and who was never known to harm a fly.

Stirnerism, as I interpret it, simply holds that loving conduct toward others comes not from the head and the elaborate moral systems which may or may not be contained therein, but from the heart -- unpredictably and unsystematically. Therefore Stirnerists reject all moralities and face squarely what most people hide from themselves -- that in certain circumstances they may lie, cheat, steal, kill, etc. (For example, although I agreed with LeFevre that all violence simply tended in the long run to increase the power of the State, I also realized that if I were a Vietnamese peasant whose house was being bombed that, given an anti-aircraft gun, I would certainly shoot at the bombers with it.)

Furthermore, Stirnerists realize that against a Ghengis Kahn or a Nero moralizing does not work. So if people who subscribe to moralities violate their own principles, in extreme situations and even at other times, [redacted] and if people who do not subscribe to moralities are not influenced by the principles of others, no matter how righteously these are mouthed -- then perhaps moralities cause more suffering than they prevent. For, as Stirner points out, all the great wars and mass murders in history have been carried out in the name of someone's notion of "the good."

It also seemed to me that if everyone were a Stirnerist -- a law unto themselves -- then there would be no followers, and without followers there could be no leaders, and without leaders there would be no State.

So while I declared that I reserved for myself the right to govern myself, and that this implied necessarily that I might therefore lie, cheat, steal or kill -- I committed no great crimes. In fact I became really gentle and relaxed for the first time in my adult life.

Meanwhile, I also discovered psychedelics, and as a result began questioning another major plank in Ayn Rand's philosophy -- her militant atheism and rigid rationalism. My psychedelic experiences, amounting to slightly over a dozen LSD sessions in all, were without exception deeply mystical. I came to feel that the universe was infinitely more profound, and filled with many more unexpectable possibilities, that I had supposed.

In December of 1965, just after our marriage, Cara and I journeyed by bus to Pennsylvania to visit her parents, and we went by way of New Orleans, making a stopover there for approximately 24 hours.

During this time we visited with Clint Bolton, Vic Latham, and I believe I saw Slim Brooks (and I think that this was when he was living near Decatur Street, up near the Esplanade end of the Quarter, possibly on Chartres).

I am now certain I did not see Gary Kirstein on this visit. (When the Atlanta Police Intelligence people asked me last July if I had seen Gary since 1964 -- a possibility which had not occurred to me until then, and which terrified me -- I held out the remote possibility that I had seen him during this 1965 visit, and forgotten about it because, until recently, Gary seemed like a marginal and unimportant figure in my life.)

I do not recall what Slim and I talked about. I recall regarding Clint only that I introduced him to Cara in the Bourbon House and he told her that she must be a good influence on me, because while I still had all the old fire of my French Quarter days, I no longer had the unbearable intensity. I remember that we visited Vic in his apartment and I told him that libertarian capitalism was becoming increasingly irrelevant for me, and that I now felt the major need for social change was in the area of sexual liberation. Vic answered that he believed the Pill was going to insure profound changes in social attitudes towards sexuality.

I also remember dropping by, early in the morning, without Cara, to see Barbara Reid.

I feel that I need to backtrack a bit on my relationship with Barbara, since it was to assume so much importance a few years later, in 1968.

Shortly after the assassination, late one night at her house (where a gigantic voodoo altar took up almost half of one room), Barbara informed me that she was certain she had seen me with Lee Harvey Oswald, in the Bourbon House, during September (1963).

My first reaction was to protest that such was impossible because Oswald and I had not been in New Orleans at the same time. But she got out some recent newspapers and demonstrated to me that we had indeed been in town at the same time during much of September.

She reminded me of the incident, which I have previously covered, when she turned from the bar and complimented me on my voice. Indeed, I could remember the incident, but could not recall for certain who I was sitting with at the time -- but I was at least sure it wasn't Oswald, since I had not seen him since 1959.

Barbara, with the most formidable certainty imaginable, insisted.

She said that she had worked as a casting director and that in that profession she had learned never to forget a face, and that when Oswald's picture first came up on the television screen, November 22nd, she had jumped up and screamed, "It's him -- it's the guy Kerry was sitting with in the Bourbon House."

I had come to know Barbara only recently, and only because nearly every night when I got off work at Arno's, it was at her house that I would find Clint, along with Sam (the tabacco impresario mentioned earlier) and sometimes a fellow named Cliff Hall, who was introduced to me as a radio and movie personality of some sort. I was therefore completely unaware of Barbara's reputation for lying, exaggerating, and imaginarily connecting herself with all kinds of major news events. So when she finally proposed the theory that Oswald and I had failed to recognize each other out of uniform -- or at least that I had failed to recognize him -- and that we just sat down and chatted on a face-is-familiar basis, that seemed possible to me (and it was a very intriguing possibility at that).

Barbara went on to outline a conspiracy theory which at that time did not seem so plausible but which, in light of various revelations over the years, seems astonishingly accurate in retrospect -- so much so that I still hold out as a possibility deserving of investigation that Barbara was wittingly involved, with Kirstein, in the multiple murder plot.

She told me to mark her words that when the truth about the assassination came out, it would be found that Latin American elements were involved, that rightist individuals and organizations were involved, and that the plot was New Orleans based. She even warned me that Clint and Sam were somehow involved. She further stated that a colorful nightclub barker named Dan Bickell (sp?) (AKA Dan Cartier) had been involved.

(In light of the accuracy, apparently, of Barbara's other statements at that time -- this might deserve looking into. Dan lived on Decatur Street and I believe he had left New Orleans by then. Barbara said his girlfriend, Kitty -- who had died that summer of a drug overdose -- had worked for Jack Ruby as a stripper. Barbara expressed the belief that Kitty had been murdered. According to local gossip, Dan was the son of a Texas military officer (an Army colonel, I think) who sent him periodic checks on the condition that he stay away. On one of my return visits to the Quarter I heard that Dan was picked up by the police in New York for selling heroin, but that he managed to escape from jail. Loy Ann Camp, Al Thompson, Mala Samuelson, and Millie Fletcher were all French Quarter people who knew Dan much better than I did.)

Shortly before my 13 December 1963 departure from the French Quarter for Arlington, Virginia, I dropped by to see Barbara and told her that one of the reasons I was going to the Washington, D.C., area was to investigate the assassination. I was not very serious when I said this, for by that time I believed it was not very probable that there had been a conspiracy. Since the evening she had confronted me about the Bourbon House incident, I had learned of her reputation for far-fetched melodramatics. So I thought I was just harmlessly humoring a paranoid and soon forgot

having made this statement. (In 1968 Garrison asked me if I had told anyone that I was going to Washington in order to investigate the assassination and I said I had not, thinking this was the truth.)

Another speculation of Barbara's at that time concerned an airliner loaded with Dallas municipal officials which crashed in the lake near New Orleans around the time of the assassination; she believed the plane had been sabotaged as part of the JFK murder conspiracy.

After I got to Arlington I wrote Barbara a letter in which I told her of the rumor which was going around Washington at that time that Jimmy Hoffa was behind the assassination. This was something I passed on and forgot about without giving it much thought at all -- and, again, in 1968, Garrison asked me if I had ever told anyone that Jimmy Hoffa was behind the assassination and, not recalling this letter, I told him I had not.

I also stopped by for a visit with Barbara in 1964. All I remember about this visit is that she repeated the assertion that she would swear to her dying day that she had seen me with Oswald in the Bourbon House, and she gave me a copy of Huxley's The Doors of Perception, which she inscribed "with love -- and defiance!"

This brings me back to the 1965 confrontation. As I arrived at Barbara's some people were delivering or picking up some films -- in large movie film cans or boxes -- and Barbara was either very busy or on her way out, so I didn't stay very long. Again she said she would swear until her dying day that she had seen me with Oswald that September day in the Bourbon House, and she also added her opinion that the death of former mayor Morrison of New Orleans in a plane crash was connected with the assassination conspiracy.

It is worth noting that Barbara's husband, Bill Edmundson, worked in the pharmacy of the drug store at the corner of Canal and Camp which was next door to Guy Bannister's office. Barbara was to tell Greg Hill, in 1965 or so, of her "Mafia boyfriend" and by 1968 she had acquired a reputation around the Quarter as a heroin pusher. Barbara has also been active in the Discordian Society and claims she is, in fact, the Goddess Eris Herself.

I have never known quite what to make of Barbara, and my speculation that she may have been wittingly involved could very easily be entirely wrong -- but someone should certainly question her concerning Kirstein and her alleged Mafia contacts. If she was not wittingly a party to the assassination she has perhaps somehow been used by the assassins over the years and she could in that case provide some valuable information.

It was largely on the basis of Barbara's suspicions about me that I began darkly joking about my "role in the assassination" in 1964.

David Lifton's visit deprived me of my sense of humor in this area for a couple of years.

In the spring and summer of 1966 I began speaking out publically against the Warren Report. At first I did not consider the JFK assassination an important issue, because I figured the major result of exposing the conspiracy would be simply to put Robert Kennedy in the Presidency. Also, the whole subject made me very uncomfortable because I was keenly aware that I was a potential suspect, and besides that I soon came to realize that an unusually large percentage of assassination witnesses were meeting with violent and untimely deaths (though I later learned, not so many as Penn Jones, Jr., was asserting).

Nonetheless, I gave a rather outspoken statement to Fact: magazine over the phone, which they published in their November-December 1966 issue. I wrote an article attacking the Warren Report for Innovator, the libertarian newsletter I edited, which appeared in February of 1967. I lectured on the shortcomings of the Warren Report at the Henry George Schools in San Diego and Los Angeles, and gave a rather nervous interview on the subject of the murdered witnesses over Harry Pollard's KPFK radio show. I also wrote an article for Ramparts, which they did not publish, on my experiences with the Secret Service and the FBI just after the assassination and, later on, with the Warren Commission. (The manuscript copy of this article, which was in the Ramparts files as late as 1968, contains some rather interesting information; the edited typeset version which they also had in their files is too distorted by deletions to make much sense.)

By 1967 I reached a point in my politics where, as far as basic issues and premises go, I remain to this day. When the conservatives began complaining that radical students were interested in nothing but "sex, drugs, and treason" I realized that, instinctually, they had hit the nail on the head. Sex, drugs, and treason were the three things I was for.

Regarding sex, I became firmly convinced that unless there were trends established in our culture in the direction of uncompromising sexual honesty, tolerance for minority sexual preferences, equal treatment of the sexes, rational openess concerning VD and birth control, and saner attitudes regarding sex and child-rearing, particularly with reference to masturbation -- further meaningful social change would not be possible. The basic cornerstone of the entire edifice of the authoritarain submissive/dominant personality, I came to believe, was composed of the implicit supposition that one's body does not really belong to oneself, which is contained in all sexually antagonistic attitudes, from censorship to rape. The child who is persuaded not to masturbate will, of logical necessity, become an adult who can be conned or coerced into military behavior. Ownership of one's body is the politcal issue.

Regarding drugs, I gained a great deal of respect for psychedelic substances as powerful tools for restructuring portions of one's personality which could not be reached by intellectual effort alone, for expanding one's sense of identification and compassion, and for opening the narrow and dry Western ego to mystical possibilities.

Zen and similar styles of meditation, along with the yoga disciplines, I came to see as methods for maintaining psychedelic levels of awareness, once the chemicals had demonstrated the nature of such modes of consciousness. As for speed, downers, the opium derivatives, and alcohol in anything but moderate amounts -- I have always seen these as drugs which shut down human awareness, harm the body, provide escapist solutions to problems, and therefore simply shore up the status quo. I have also tended to oppose authoritarian systems of belief and rip-off gurus in the mystical disciplines for similar reasons.

Regarding treason, I came gradually to a position of supporting nearly all factions on the radical left, except in their quarreling with each other and the dogmatic insistence of some of these groups on the necessity of political violence (or, in other cases, the immorality of violence under all circumstances). I came to this position without ever abandoning some of the more libertarian elements on the extreme right. Meanwhile, I continued to refine my own political philosophy of anarchism -- not because I favored "violence and chaos" with which anarchism is nearly always falsely equated, but because of my opposition to violence and chaos, for which government military machines and bureaucratic structures are largely responsible in today's world.

During the past eight or nine years most of my writing, speaking, and social organizing efforts have centered around the "sex, drugs, and treason" theme, which I have continually refined and elaborated with special areas of focus. Moreover, I have as the years have passed aquired more confidence and more social courage in these areas, and hence I have become extremely outspoken. Consequently, most of the straight media people I have encountered and even some culturally conservative types within the Movement tend to regard me as "some kind of nut," which is one way of avoiding dealing with what I have to say.

I believe that recently my image as a 37-year-old beatnik has lessened my credibility as an assassination witness. For had I been clean shaven, suit-wearing, and utterly devoid of any original ideas, I am almost certain it would not have taken me some six months to get serious investigative attention for my charges regarding Kirstein.

By late 1966 and early 1967 the only elements of the Ayn Rand philosophy that remained with me were those of feeling guilty unless I justified everything I did in terms of self-interest, a blindness to the destructive role of the large corporations in modern society, and a lack of understanding regarding the nature and effect of socioeconomic classes. Since about 1972 my thinking has taken a distinctly Marxian turn in those three areas.

Late in 1966 Cara and I made another "Christmas visit," this time by automobile, to Pennsylvania in order to spend a couple of weeks with her folks. As we crossed through the Midwest, the first sensational news of Jim Garrison's New Orleans investigation of the John Kennedy assassination hit the newspapers and televison screens.

I smelled trouble from the start. In the first place, Garrison was echoing Barbara Reid exactly in saying that the conspiracy was "New Orleans based." Part of Barbara's original November 1963 rap dealt with some men Garrison had arrested regarding the JFK murder shortly after it happened and then later released. The French Quarter is a socially incestuous place and it would have been no problem at all for Barbara to get Garrison's ear during his off hours.

While I now believed the Presidential assassination was not the work of a lone rifleman, the notion of a New Orleans based conspiracy seemed utterly nonsensical to me. In those days when people used to ask me who I thought murdered John Kennedy, in the sense of being behind the operation, I used to say that I didn't want to mention any names, but that his initials were LBJ.

This theory was based primarily on things David Lifton had told me at one point or another during our discussions when I was working at Glen Towers. At one point Lifton held the theory that Fred Korth had engineered the JFK murder in exchange for a political favor from Johnson and that it had consisted exclusively of high level Pentagon officials and expendable hit men in commando camoflage on the Grassy Knoll.

To me, that was the most logical hypothesis, and my free enterprise political background predisposed me to reject. at first, suggestions that others, such as Texas oilmen, might also have played a role -- a prejudice which was, however, already beginning to erode by the time of Garrison's early charges.

As for Roselli's theory that it was the CIA, I considered Roselli a likable old guy, but certainly no authority on political assassinations or the Central Intelligence Agency.

Another thing that predisposed me to think it was Johnson was Lifton's story of confronting Warren Commission lawyer Wes Leibler very much as he had bombarded me. Lifton's effects on Leibler were apparently less permanent than they were on me, but Lifton reported to me that Leibler found Lifton rather convincing and that he said at one point, "Well, if it was a conspiracy, you know that our former Vice President must have been involved." I felt Leibler, if anyone, ought to be in a position to judge.

So my immediate reaction to the early news about Garrison's investigation, especially since it had been admittedly undertaken at Senator Russell Long's suggestion, was that Johnson had commissioned Long to somehow make it worth Jim Garrison's while to undertake a second cover-up, in order to silence critics of the Warren Commission.

I told Cara that I was sure Garrison would sooner or later frame me, simply because circumstances -- the novel on Oswald, my travel pattern that summer -- had left me in so vulnerable a predicament, and that would be a perfect way to keep the heat off the real assassins while giving the left the conspiracy it wanted.

Cara told me I was just being paranoid and over-estimating my own importance.

After we got to Pennsylvania, we were watching the news one night with Cara's family and it was announced that Garrison believed that Fidel Castro had sent "nine assassination teams" into the U.S. to kill JFK. This was a false leak, but I did not learn that until * many months afterwards. My immediate reaction was to conclude that Garrison thought the American people were stupid, if he expected them to buy that one, and to decide that his investigation was not going to be much of a threat to me after all.

I want to pause now and insert some corrections and additions to my earlier material.

The date at this writing is 1 February 1976. I have been working on this affidavit draft for about three months. During that time I have uncovered some additional memories, etc.

On 8 January 1976 I wrote an "Introductory Note to Affidavit" which I would like to have considered as part of the document.

In reference to the first page, I am no longer a student assistant at Georgia State; I am now earning my living primarily as an artists model.

Regarding page 6: I am not sure that the "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" incident was an early memory; whenever it took place, that particular song was probably among the top ten or so in the nation. It also seems to me that we may have returned to that same drug store again that evening and that, once more, Gary might have excused himself to go on a "little errand." This could have been the same day as the abortion-pill incident or it could even have been the day we talked about assassinating Kennedy. One possibility is that Gary borrowed a small tape recorder from Guy Bannister, taped our discussions of the day, and then returned it to him that evening. I am very unsure of this business of the two visits, but it seems to ring a bell.

Regarding page 11 and also page 13: I now believe that the discussion regarding killing President Kennedy took place two weeks previous to the assassination, and that it was indeed "sanitized" by Slim who, a few days after it happened, told me in good-natured anger, that the discussion had been the result of a bet, and that I had cost him ten dollars because he had bet Gary that I would not want to kill JFK. I am far from absolutely certain of this. I seem to have some memories of exchanging the relevant words with Slim, but I have no visual imagery to go with them. It seems to me that immediately after the assassination, which is to say anywhere between a few hours and a day, I ran into Slim and commented that it was certainly a weird co-incidence that Gary and I had been discussing killing JFK just three weeks ago, and I seem to recall Slim correcting me and saying it was two weeks ago. Again, this material is extremely vague in my mind, but it keeps nagging me as a distinct possibility, so I thought I had better include it. Over the past few weeks it has seemed increasingly more possible, but my feelings of certainty on this score did not make themselves felt until I woke up one morning after a full night's worth of dreams about Gary and Slim, so on an intellectual level I tend to distrust my subjective feelings of certainty.

*Or so Garrison claimed; I believe that in 1968 Billings told me it was actually one of Garrison's early notions.

I also wish to add, regarding page 11, that I opposed Gary's idea of "getting" Martin Luther King next. Gary and I disagreed about King as much as we agreed about JFK, and it always seemed to amuse him to bait me on this subject. I believe I said, "What do you want to get Martin Luther King for?" in an irritated tone of voice, and I think Gary just laughed. Both the assassination suggestions at the top of page 12 therefore refer to Kennedy, not King.

Regarding page 18: In 1964 Slim was living on Esplanade, right next to the Quorum coffee house; my next visit to New Orleans after that was in 1965, not 1966 (I got our two trips to Pennsylvania mixed up) and in 1965 Slim was, I think, living on Chartres or possibly Royal, not yet on Decatur.

Regarding page 28: the exact location of the Freedom School was in Larkspur, Colorado, and it has since changed its name to Ramparts College and is now located in Santa Ana, California.

I have also remembered recently that once Gary told me that in order to take over the government you had to build an organization that was "neither fish nor fowl" -- that defied ordinary categories of classification so that it would have low visibility. To me, who wanted to build a mass-supported grass-roots revolutionary free enterprise movement and march on Washington, this seemed like a rather bizarre and unattractive suggestion. Also, I cannot seem to recall what was the "fish" and what was the "fowl" in this case, but it seems to me that the organization which assassinated JFK, according to most recent literature on the subject, was indeed neither fish nor fowl with regard to organized crime and the intelligence community.

Shortly after the assassination I received a letter from Marguerite Oswald requesting a copy of The Idle Warriors, and giving the impression she thought it had been published. I did not answer it because it struck me as a very bizarre and deranged little note at the time, and I had enough other troubles on my mind. Clint Bolton asked me if he could have the letter, and I gave it to him.

It has since struck me that Clint may have passed the letter on to Bannister or someone, who may have passed it on to Kirstein, who may have answered it in my name, with either the Olympia typewriter or the "controversial" typewriter which Clint loaned me in the autumn of 1963. I seem to recall Garrison questioning me with great suspicion regarding the letter I received from Mrs. Oswald and how I disposed of it.

Just a possibility, but one which ought to be easy to check out via Mrs. Oswald.

In 1966 I was associated with a Texan named Bill Manning, Jr., who had contacted me through Innovator with a scheme to build a libertarian utopia in the San Blas islands of Panama. Manning turned out to be quite a rip-off artist and finally left L.A. bouncing checks in all directions. I doubt if he was connected with the assassins, but it is a possibility that recently crossed my mind. It might be worth a check to see if he was associated with Hosty.

Getting back to a few more items on Kirstein before returning to my attempt at a chronological narrative, somehow I neglected to mention that Gary used to say that when he watched gangster movies as a kid he used always to identify with the "brains" of the gang, the guy who masterminded the robbery. For some reason he considered this very significant information, because he brought it up more than once, possibly several times.

Also, on about the same level of certainty that I now place the assassination discussion at two weeks before the event itself, I also feel rather strongly that Gary went to work for Comforto after leaving Busch and, in fact, left the job at Busch because he got the position with Comforto. Moreover, I think Slim told me that Gary was working for Comforto as a "bouncer" in one of his clubs. Normally I have excluded from this statement vague memories of verbal exchanges until or unless I can bring to mind visual imagery to go with them. (For example, the reason I became certain finally that Gary mentioned bringing Jimmy Hoffa into the assassination was because I recalled that as he said this he was slumped down on the sofa in a very relaxed position.) I can't seem to call up any visual imagery regarding the information on Comforto immediately above, nor on the data concerning the time of the assassination discussion, but I nevertheless seem to have feelings of increasing certainty regarding these matters. So, I offer them for what they are worth, which might not be much.

Ironically, in light of his associations both with Marcello and Comforto, incidentally, Gary held Italians in enormous contempt, considering them "an inferior race" and holding them much to blame for Hitler's losing the war, saying that they were "clowns."

In this connection it strikes me as something which would have been typical of Gary's sense of humor, as well as his obsession with WWII, to plan the assassination in such a way that a German Mauser would be used as the actual murder weapon, and then that its notoriously unreliable Italian counterpart would be substituted for it on the scene of the crime -- which is what some Warren Report critics believe to have happened.

Returning to the story where I left off at the end of the first paragraph of page 39 -- my reason for forgetting about Garrison for a long while after the first revelations were made concerned what I believed to be his story that it was the work of Fidel Castro. I dismissed this notion on the grounds that had it been Castro, then several high-level officials on the Dallas police force would had to have been crypto-Communists of some kind, which still seems highly unlikely to me. The 26 volumes leave many reasons for believing the Dallas police were involved in the cover-up.

Indeed, a cover-up could hardly have taken place without their extensive cooperation.

I had reacted to the death of Ferrie by wondering if Garrison had killed him in order to enhance his own credibility -- that is how suspicious I was of Garrison! The main thing I remember noticing about the arrest of Clay Shaw was the way Garrison's men seized all his personal possessions and paraded those whips and those chains through the street.

This was extremely relevant to my way of thinking because at that time we were active in a sexually swinging psychedelic tribe, first known as Southern California Kerista, and then as The Gentle Folk. This group included people from different places in society -- economically there was a $40,000 a year executive on one end of the spectrum and me, a $50 a week pornographer, on the other. An investigation of my sex life -- and none of us were into whips and chains, incidentally, but we were having beautiful weekend orgies -- would not only have given several of our older relatives strokes, probably, but it would have violated the private lives of others in the tribe. The contemporary wisdom on sexuality was still very dim in those days, compared to what it is now fast becoming.

But as I say, my interest in Garrison began flickering out at a rapid rate soon after the initial go-arounds.

There is something which I did probably in the summer of 1966, possibly in 1967, early, of which I am and have for years been very much ashamed.

Cara and I went to pick up the Innovator mail at the Palms Post Office, one day, and then around the corner to the restaurant, where two hip men and a hip woman hailed us as "brothers" -- sort of out of nowhere -- and told us immediately that they were anarchists.

We said so were we and went in and had breakfast together.

One of these guys was named Jonothan Leake and he was the "theoretician" for Resurgence Youth Movement, which Murray Rothbard had told me was into organizing motorcycle gangs for revolutionary street fighting. That had seemed okay to me on first hearing it put that way.

As Leake and I got into a debate about violence I objected to something on the grounds that it involved torture. Leake replied, "Torture is beautiful!"

Shit, I was afraid to disagree.

They told us they had a trunk full of propaganda they needed to stash and asked us if we would take it home and keep it till they came by for it that afternoon. I said okay and we took it.

At this time we were living at 909 West 77th Street. When we got home -- or when I got home, rather, for I must have dropped Cara off at the Soaring Society where she then worked -- I sat on the front porch and read it.

It did not look like anything which I then classified as anarchist literature. It looked to me like a crude imitation by someone who believed anarchy meant violence and chaos. It seemed to be a vicious parody on anarchist thought.

Now at this time I was plagued off and on by the possibility that somewhere among my acquaintances there might possibly be one or two of the real John Kennedy assassins, but my suspect list did not go much beyond Barbara Reid, sometimes Carlos Castillo, because I did not want to feel that I was a paranoid.

In any case, I was damned sure that whether or not I unknowingly knew the assassins, they certainly knew about me, for if anyone read the Warren Report they must have, perhaps they were the first to read it.

So I think I probably went in the house and smoked another joint or two, and brooded over the Resurgence literature. It advocated putting LSD in the water supply, ripping apart hip middle-class night clubs -- the kind my younger brothers then were frequenting on the Sunset Strip -- and beating up the clientele, and portrayed the Amsterdam Provos, one of my favorite anarchist groups, as a bunch of thugs.

I got up and went into the kitchen. Looking out the window I noticed there was a phone man up on the telephone pole in the back alley.

Panic seized me at this point. I decided he was installing a tap and that the police were getting ready to bust me for grass, or at least on that pretext, and then confiscate the stash of Resurgence literature, and publicize it in the newspapers as my ideology.

Now this terrified me because it took away the only silver lining my black cloud of assassination paranoia ever had. I at least figured it would result in publicity for my libertarian/anarchist ideas.

One does not have to be an anarchist for long in order to acquire the deep sense of frustration, shared by all anarchist I have ever met, over the difficulty of getting anarchist concepts into the realm of public discussion. Neither elementary schools nor secondary schools nor even universities acquaint students first-hand with the writings of the anarchists. Of the popular antholgoies which exist, about half are misrepresentative and most contain introductions written by statists who either themselves do not understand, or do not want their readers to understand.

In the United States of America -- and in most of the rest of the world -- about the only way an anarchist can get anyone to pay serious attention to anarchist ideas even in passing is by getting framed for some sensational crime. That is why in this country, for example, the word "anarchist" is almost synonymous with the Haymarket martyrs, Joe Hill, Sacco and Vanzetti.

So I decided Leake was probably a Fed who was setting me up for a bust that would misrepresent my anarchist ideas, in order to deprive these of their potency before the public, after which I could be kicked around for attacking the Warren Commission with impunity. I saw only one method of preventing this at the time. I took one sample each of everything Leake left with me, got in the car, drove down to the FBI office and, cleverly (so I thought), told them I wanted to alert them to a subversive group.

I rationalized that if Leake and associates really were anarchists, they were still almost as mean and evil as the FBI itself, so it would just be "one reptile devouring the other."

As soon as I found myself sitting across the table from a young and clean-cut FBI agent -- who did not even crack a smile when I introduced myself by saying my FBI file was over an inch thick (having seen it in the room where I corrected my Warren Commission transcript) -- I realized I was making an enormous mistake, but I went through with it, laying the literature on him, telling him about Leake, and then departing for home. (By the way -- a very long time has elapsed since Clarence Kelley promised to send me my FBI file, over his signature, "at the earliest possible date" in response to my FOIA request. His letter, which certainly must constitute a contract of some kind, is dated 11 September 1975. I have so far not received it.)

After I got home Leake called and asked me what I thought of the literature. I lied, told him I had only a few minor points to pick, and invited him to come by and talk about it, and pick it up. He said that might not be possible, that he and his comrades has been picked up by the police and had a very weird experience. I felt about as high as my FBI file was thick.

As the years have gone by I've felt more and more rotten about this bit of finkery, because I have come more and more to realize that such literature as Leake possessed could easily simply have been written by some other anarchist -- one who was feeling the same frustration I was, only maybe for a couple of decades instead of a couple of years, and had decided in desperation to draw attention to anarchist ideas by means of shock, and who was also expressing some anger about the virtual blackout on anarchist thought in the media.

Something which was not relevant to the Kennedy assassination then, but which has become very relevant to it recently, is my relationship with Robert Anton Wilson, because this now seems to be affecting my credibility as a witness.

It was during the period Cara and I lived on West 77th that Wilson and I began corresponding. He was then working as an associate editor of Playboy and Innovator put out an issue called "Postmen Against the State," which dealt with all the nongovernmental postal systems that have functioned here and there from time to time much more efficiently than government postal systems. "The Playboy Forum" in those days was carrying a lot of complaints from readers about post office snooping, so I persuaded the publisher of Innovator to send a copy of the issue to everyone at Playboy.

One of the postal systems we discussed was the American Letter Mail Company which was operated in New England by the individualist anarchist, Lysander Spooner -- offering cheaper postage than the U.S. Post Office, giving more deliveries a day, and making a profit besides. Congress finally made it illegal to deliver a first class letter for profit in order to put Spooner out of business.

Robert Anton Wilson wrote us saying that since we were interested

in Spooner's post office, perhaps we would enjoy an enclosed tract on his economic ideas.

So began a correspondence which has been one of the longest, most intense, most stimulating, rewarding, enriching, enlightening, sometimes scary -- and certainly the most unusual -- of my entire life. I will return to it, from time to time, as it becomes relevant, later on in my story.

The spring of 1967 brought with it the Easter Love-In in Griffith Park, and the subsequent Griffith Park Human Be-Ins or Love-Ins. I regard these as the most important historic events with which I have been associated. They showed many thousands of us that the idea of a New Age was a real possibility, not just a pretty dream.

While I remained a free enterprise libertarian in my economics, the whole question of economics subsisded in importance for me in order to make room in my consciousness for the other ideas that were flooding the cultural atmosphere of that time and place. I was absorbing philosophical influences faster than I could integrate them. All at once I was an SDS-style New Lefter, a student of Zen, a Provotarian anarchist, an Aldous Huxley, Alan Watts, and Radio Free Oz (KPFK) freak, a General Semanticist, a Timothy Leary fan, an admirer of Gary Snyder, and a Taoist, etc. I felt that at some future time I could drop out and mull over all this input and evolve from it a more consistent personal credo.

There was a song by the Buffalo Springfield which was popular in those days which contained the line: "Paranoia strikes deep, into your life it will creep." And that's pretty much how the Garrison Probe entered my life, at a slow creep, as one trend among many.

At some point I learned that Garrison was not accusing Castro -- either from David Lifton, or from the Mort Sahl show, or from the Los Angeles Free Press. That was vaguely disturbing to me and revived my fears of a second cover-up that would really be credible, but there were far too many positive things occupying my attention for me to spare very much of it worrying about Jim Garrison.

Then one day I got a letter from Clint Bolton in which he mentioned in passing that Garrison was "fanning out in all directions" and expressed surprise that I had not been dragged into it. Then he said that on second thought I was much too sane, that everyone involved in the thing so far was a raving lunatic.

Also, one day Lifton called me and expressed the opinion that I knew some things which would interest Garrison. I had a number of reasons by that time for distrusting Garrison as a person -- bits of French Quarter gossip, some of which later turned out not to be true -- and I expressed these to David, I think, without going into my theory of a second cover-up, feeling he would think me paranoid.

So it went.

Other negative elements began to enter my psychedelic utopia. Every few days there would be a photograph on the front page of the newspaper of a mutilated or burned Vietnamese child. I was already vigorously opposed to the war -- and had even been going around with lumberman's chalk writing "Victory to the Viet Cong" on sidewalks, as well as "The American Eagle Pisses Napalm" -- but these photos hit me on some deeper level than my resistance to the war. They starkly brought home to me how fragile was the little bubble of bliss in which my own life was enclosed. Robert Ingersoll used to ask fundamentalist Christians how they could be happy in Heaven, knowing that most of the rest of us would be down there suffering the torments of eternal Hell -- and I began asking myself the same question.

I think it was in June that a peaceful procession of anti-war demonstrators, picketing Lyndon Johnson's visit to Century City in L.A., were attacked ruthlessly and without provocation by the police. Both children and cripples, among others, were struck with clubs and at least one person was reported to have suffered serious brain damage. We called it Black Friday. As it turned out, the hip/pacifist culture was growing so fast -- probably as a direct result of the Love-Ins -- that a number of very prominent citizens who also happened to look like hippies were in this crowd, and were victims of police brutality. Since the L.A. Times had initially defended the police, heads rolled at the Times and an enormous public outcry ensued. What disturbed me was that the news of this event, except for two or three short lines in Newsweek, did not get out of Los Angeles as far as I could tell. Cara went back to Pennsylvania a week or so later and found that when she mentioned the Black Friday incident, nobody knew what she was talking about.

I decided the time had come for me to think about dropping out into the country somewhere, for in addition to the other considerations I also foresaw serious economic troubles ahead in the U.S. -- the kind we have had in the past couple of years -- which I expected to begin much sooner than they did. In addition even to that, I also worried about a premature revolution spurred by the "youth movement" image the mass media were foisting on the psychedelic subculture, or a fascist reaction which would indefinitely forestall any revolution at all; and two clap epedemics had hit the Gentle Folk, and [redacted] jealousy trips began shattering the unity of the group.
Finally, I did not want Jim Garrison investigating the sex lives of my friends.

Off and on during the summer of 1967 I dealt with these negative matters and off and on I went to the library and researched drop out plans or drove around the outskirts of Los Angeles looking for a rural environment where shelter was available for rent, cheaply.

Meanwhile, I felt a growing need to integrate my ideas in the direction of some kind of anarchistic economic pluralism, with a strategy based on the principles of Chinese Taoism, incorporating the left anarchist concept of revolution which most right anarchists reject in favor of social pessimism, and somehow finding a method of guaranteeing that the revolution was not strangled in its own name by whatever elitist groups were involved in the transition from centralized coercive authority to decentralized participatory autonomy. I had no concrete grasp on how to do this, but I decided to call the resulting gestalt, whenever it finally came to me, Zenarchy. Somewhere along in there I also decided that my nom de guerre in such efforts would be Ho Chi Zen, as a gesture of respect to Ho Chi Minh, and also for Zen Buddhism, the study of which had enormously stimulated my political creativity.

By early autumn Cara and I had solidified our plans to drop out. Few of our friends knew about this, because I knew that if I told them they would simply talk me out of it, as they had already on a couple of occasions that summer, and I guess Cara felt pretty much the same way.

Unable to find anything around Los Angeles that was for rent cheap, and in those days having a strong preference for warm weather, we decided we would sell our VW and I would use the money to fly to Florida and find us a place to live there. I had heard that Florida was "square" and so decided to shave off my beard and get a haircut before departure.

One day when all this was going on David Lifton called up. When I informed me of our plans he got very upset and said that before we left he wanted to get a couple of signed statements from me regarding various things I had told him regarding Oswald and also Atsugi. The great stress of his wording in this request was that he wanted the material for a book on the assassination he was writing, but he mentioned also that he wanted to give copies to Jim Garrison -- and I could see no way of turning down such a request without incurring Lifton's suspicion, since he was very enamored at that time with Garrison and utterly pooh-poohed my reservations.

Lifton said it would only take an hour, that he would come over to the house, and that all I would have to do would be to sign the statements in the presence of a notary, since he would even write them, checking with me to make sure of details as he did so.

It so happened that someone had recently given me an ounce or so of grass and I was busily engaged in smoking it up that day, but I told Lifton to come on over.

Well, it did not take an hour. It took all day. The work consisted only of three brief statements -- on the man who used to speak Russian in the ranks with Oswald and how Jenner told me this man was named Heindel, on the Russian lessons available through special services at Atsugi, and on the presence of the U-2 spy plane at Atsugi. However, Lifton and I spent considerable

time arguing about the wording. Lifton used to take a very high pressure approach and he kept wanting me to word things so strongly that it amounted to what I felt was exaggeration. At one point in the Heindel statement he wanted to say I had recalled something in a vivid flash, whereas I wanted to emphasize that the memory had been reconstructed gradually on the basis of something Albert Jenner had told me off the record. We wound up compromising by putting in one sentence which said it David's way, followed by a sentence which said it my way -- and I was so lost in the forest of writing and rewriting and arguing by then that I didn't note that this made for what an attorney would call "a discrepancy."

Interestingly enough, David was then quite enthusiastic about a theory of his that I had been set up previous to the assassination as an alternate patsy. At the time, that did not seem very likely to me.

I also mentioned to David that Garrison might want to check into the airline crash involving Dallas officials which took place near New Orleans around the time of the assassination, since that seemed to me about the most solid of Barbara's conspiracy suspicions. And I hoped that Garrison, if he was sincere, would tie into something solid before he started looking at the coincidences surrounding me.

I flew to Florida as planned and wound up finding us an inexpensive place on a farm in the Palm River district on the outskirts of Tampa. My long-range plan was to learn to live off the land in Florida and eventually save up enough to buy or build a small houseboat in order to live a free and independent life among the Florida coastal islands during the drop out periods of my life. (I had a philosophy combining Toynbee, the Buddha, and Leary about periodically withdrawing from and extending into social activity in order to avoid getting "burned out," as they say now, or apathetic.)

Unfortunately we had an extremely hard time getting economically established, mainly because I had been successfully freelance writing for about a year or more, and suddenly had a run of bad luck marketing my material.

Shortly after the move, Lifton sent me a wire to call him, and so I did. He had just met with Jim Garrison and was now totally convinced that my view of him was mistaken, and David insisted that I meet with Garrison and judge the man for myself. He further said that Garrison was willing to meet with me on my terms, and that he would contact me under an assumed name -- the initials of which would be F.M. -- in a few days.

Soon thereafter I got a telegram from a Frank Marshall in New Orleans, asking me to call him at 822-2414 and suggesting I use the name "Winston Smith" when calling. (If Garrison really was being monitored by Federal snoops that seemed like a crackpot idea to me, and I moreover suspected it was just a ploy to impress me, not to fool the Feds.)

I looked up the phone number of the DA's office via New Orleans telephone information and found it to be the same as the number on the telegram. I then called up Garrison's office, said my name was Kerry Thornley, and that I wanted to speak to Frank Marshall (feeling that if Garrison wanted to use an assumed name, I'd respect his wishes). A man came on the line who I assumed was Garrison, but who said his name was Frank Maloch, not Frank Marshall. (Later, I learned there was an investigator named Maloch working for the DA.) Maloch and I had a conversation which resulted in total misunderstanding for both of us.

Soon, I got another telegram, similar to the last one, except signed "Jim Garrison, District Attorney."

I wrote Garrison the following note and mailed it to him:

24 October 1967

Dear Mr. Garrison:

As a personal favor to Mr. Lifton I spent a whole day with him preparing that damned affidavit. It says everything I know about the subject. I regret that I bothered.

When I said I would speak to you ON MY TERMS, as you had apparently offered to do through Mr. Lifton, I meant it. And since you chose, when I called you the first time, not to deal on those terms, to hell with it.

I have no interest to speak of in this matter and from now on intend to keep out of it, as actions on my part can only in my view stimulate the state to violate the rights of others who for all I know may be innocent. "It is far better to reward the guilty than to punish the innocent," said Robert Ingersoll, and every time you subpoena an innocent individual you punish him to the extent that you have violated his precious and unalienable right to liberty.

But what you do is your business, sir, and you are welcome to it.

Sincerely,
Kerry Thornley

That was the final communication I had with Garrison in 1967. I believe that by the time I wrote the above note I had learned from Lifton that Garrison had subpoenaed Heindel and given him a rough time. (Also, a few people have commented on my use of the word "unalienable" instead of "inalienable" as odd; anyone who will take the trouble to read the Declaration of Independence will find that it uses the word "unalienable." It also says we have the right to alter or abolish our government!)

I have been sharing information on the murder of John F. Kennedy a very long time now. So far I've gained no specific assurances that my speculations and investigative suggestions have checked out. Nor do I know anything about the welfare of various important witnesses to my charges, especially Jessica Luck. Before getting into my experiences with Garrison I would like to have some feedback in these areas. That way I will know which portions of my bewildering array of experience with the Garrison investigation are relevant enough to deserve detailed treatment.

** END OF PART ONE **

I hereby swear and affirm under penalty of perjury that all of the foregoing is true and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Kerry Thornley

Kerry ~~Thornley~~

Signed before me on the
16th day of February, 1976

J. Elaine Murphy

Notary Public, Georgia State at Large
My Commission Expires June 24, 1977

Bud Simco's address: 378 Scenic Road, Fairfax, CA 94930
415-457-7352

As the following is written the affidavit is completed through page 30 only.

Introductory Note to Affidavit

In July of 1975 I learned that a young prisoner named Robert Byron Watson, who claims that he was framed because of his knowledge regarding the assassinations of Martin Luther King and John F. Kennedy, was accusing individuals he claims are connected with Louisiana mobster Carlos Marcello -- both of particpation in the assassinations and of his own frame-up. Shortly thereafter I also learned from the newspapers that one of these alleged assassins had reputedly mentioned framing a "jailbird" for the assassination of King.

Those two pieces of information cleared up the remaining doubts in my own mind concerning which individuals I had known in New Orleans in the early sixties were in fact responsible for my own apparent involvement in the murder of John F. Kennedy, and for my subsequent frame-up in the investigation of that murder conducted by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison in the late sixties.

Totally freaked out that I had just solved the murder mystery of the century, and almost certain that I would not live to give testimony in any up-and-coming investigations of that crime, I prepared some written statements and made a tape recording for Atlanta Public Safety Commissioner Eaves, who was then actively investigating Watson's allegations. I did so hastily, leaving out important contextual details, including only what information I could remember clearly right off the top of my head, and using a style which -- reflecting my hysterical state of mind -- was paranoid in the extreme.

During the half-year which has passed since then I have searched my mind day and night, demanding of myself full and complete attention to all relevant details or details which might have possible relevance, forcing myself to examine honestly things I have said and done which do not reflect credit upon me (to say the least), and requiring myself to dig up numerous long-forgotten and in some cases long-repressed memories.

This affivdavit is the result. It is far more accurate in very many important respects than the information I gave to Commissioner Eaves in late July of 1975. It is considerably more accurate than the documents I have put together since then and, moreover, it is the first chronological, contextually complete, detailed, and therefore reasonably coherent single document I have composed on the subject of my relationship with Gary Kirstein and Slim Brooks.

There is no reasonable doubt in my mind as to its essential correctness, in so far as my conclusions concerning the involvement (in the assassination) of Kirstein and Brooks go. I am least sure regarding minor matters of chronology, and most sure regarding the main thrust of the verbal exchanges which I herein report.

I am more than willing to make tapes for PSE examination, take polygraph tests, deliver testimony under oath, and cooperate as much as I can to insure that these charges are thoroughly investigated.

Kerry Wendell Thornley
Box 827, Atlanta, GA 30301
8 January 1976

Note: I realize this draft of the affidavit contains many typographical errors and some mistakes in grammar. I feel the urgency of getting the information out takes priority over perfect form, however, at this time.

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